# Piary and Ceffers of a Marine Aniatur

LIEUT. WALTER S. POAGUE U. S. M. C. GIFT

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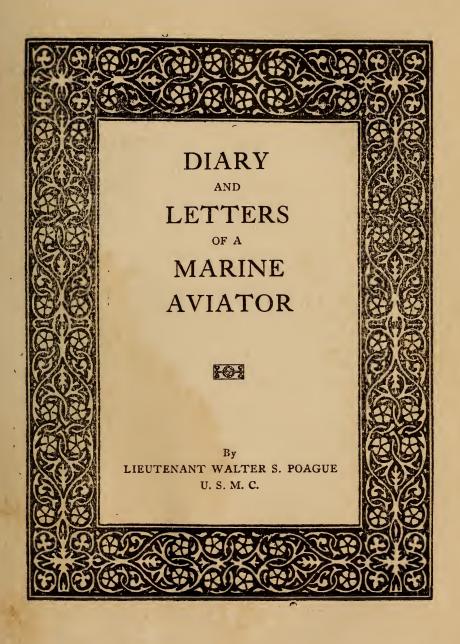
Walter S. Frague

Chicago, April 1917











## F O R E W O R D



HIS little volume is published for distribution among a very few of Walter's friends.

The diary, with the exception of the first few pages, and all of the letters were written at Ponta del Gada, Azore Islands, where he was stationed as a

member of the First Marine Aeronautic Company. His diary was written with the expectation that no other eyes than his should see it. He has therefore put into it his thoughts and feelings just as they were at the time he wrote. No better expression of his character and ambitions could be found. The letters published are only a few of those received from him. I have taken the liberty of printing several letters that his parents have received from his brother officers. As their present addresses could not in all cases be found, some of them are published without the writers' permission.

His personality was such that those who knew him will never forget him, but this little book will help to perpetuate his memory.

C. M. P.

### BIOGRAPHY

#### WALTER SMITH POAGUE

SON OF
CHARLES MARTIN POAGUE
and
CATHERINE W. POAGUE

Born-August 21, 1891

Died-November 5, 1918

#### **EDUCATED**

University High School
University of Chicago, Class of 1914
DKE Fraternity

#### **AUTHOR**

Blackfriar's Play, 1914—"A Night of Knights"
Play "Who's Looney Now"—Presented by the Shuberts, 1917
Various Poems and Short Stories Published in Magazines and
Newspapers

#### **BUSINESS**

Manager Sales, Real Estate Mortgage Department, 1914-1917, Woodlawn Trust and Savings Bank

#### MILITARY RECORD

Enlisted in United States Marine Corps, June, 1917
Trained at Quantico, Virginia, and Appointed 2nd Lieutenant
Transferred to Aviation Department Flying Field, Cape May,
N. J., October, 1917

Sent Abroad with First Contingent Marine Corps Flyers, January, 1918

Served with United States Naval Station Established at the Azores

Promoted to First Lieutenancy, September, 1918
Killed in Aviation Accident, November 5, 1918
Buried at Oakwood Cemetery, Chicago, December 21, 1918

### MY NATIVE LAND

L'ENVOI



My native land! Your shores sink low
Into the hazy sea,
Which widens to the shiver,
To the steady, pulsing quiver
Of the ship which takes that dear loved land
From me.

My native land! What does that mean,
That phrase, to me?
Not power most of all,
Nor even liberty,
Nor wealth, nor fame
Of honor brightly kept;
Not the high title of democracy.
Of refuge, haven,
The land of even chance.

All these may mean America, my native land, To others.
But just to me it means
The little house beneath the elms
Where I was born
And played on brittle Autumn days
At soldier with my dog.
I was the conqueror,
He the slave.

My native land! You mean
The heavy thump of football upon leather;
Of stolen cigarettes
Behind the dorm;
Those friendships made forever;
And later on my college
With its spectacled professors,
The fraternity and club
Where I danced on
With that high company of youth.

My native land! You mean the mound Beside that pebbly brook Where lies my pal.
My pal,
Honor and beauty went with him.
I loved him and he lies
Beside the brook in your dear soil.

You mean the rush, the breathless Wonder of the great game, business, As only you can play it, Fair and fast And to the hilt.
You mean square dealing, Quick decisions, And the devil take the loser.

You are my native land,
The country of my women,
My clear-eyed mother's
And her women's land
For generations.
Land of the girls I've loved,
Beautiful, extravagant,

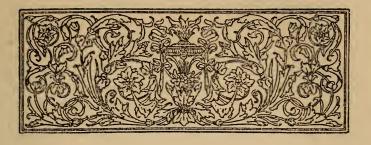
Self-confident and clean and tender,
A land of regal women,
Proud and free.
Perhaps here most of all
You are my land,
For here most freely
Would I give my blood
To keep from off your soil
The conqueror's boot.

My native land!
You don't mean great high phrases,
But just those simple things which go
To make my home.
And how I love you!
More greatly
Than I ever dared to hope,
I love you, dear America
Of mine.
And if great sacrifices
May be asked of me,
I'll give them happily
To you,
My own dear native land.

My native land! We know
The gladness of my going
From your peaceful, kindly borders
To these scenes of sad disorders
Where salvation is the harvest
Of the struggle's bitter sowing.

On Going "Over Seas,"
 Philadelphia, December 21, 1917
 LIEUT. WALTER S. POAGUE,
 First Aero Company,
 United States Marines.





# D I A R Y

Tuesday, On Board the Transport Hancock. We January 1, came on here on Friday, the 29th, and I 1918 found my quarters. Now I know why they call them quarters—eighths would be even better. I almost have to go out in the passage to clean my teeth. But they are very conveniently located, fresh air (at six degrees below zero), have a door just above, and the engine room just below. We've had bitter weather, and expect to sail in the morning at seven.

Last night, New Year's Eve, I volunteered to load ship, which pleasant pastime continued until the small hours. What a contrast to last New Year's Eve, with Bill Buckley and a tall girl in black at the South Shore Country Club. When the whistles and sirens cut loose at midnight, one of the men, staggering under a load of tin roofs (the Admiral loves tin roofs) remarked, "Well, this may be New Year's to home folks but it's just plain first of January to me." The rest of the day was uneventful except for the turkey dinner.

Wednesday, By some queer courage I turned out at January 2, seven to see us sail. Found the tugs along1918 side and all ready and at the last minute the word was passed that we do not go for twenty-four hours or longer, as the ice is too heavy for the destroyers which convoy us. So again we wait. I'm fretful to go and can't bear to repeat any more goodbyes. A few lessons in poker (with beginners' luck) occupied the morning. I hope I'm acquiring another bad habit; they're valuable when well learned, no?

Terry and I had tea at the Ritz, with accompaniments, and dined at the Cleighton, where we embarked upon an adventure. Some time I am going to write a monograph on the types of cabaret women. Oddly she was satisfied with a jazz band place and yet knew and loved Keats and Browning, but as she wasn't lovely I returned early to the ship, but with my avid curiosity of life unsatisfied. We are due to sail tomorrow.

Which of course we didn't do. I am dis-Thursday, January 3 gusted. I had a rather nice day, however. Captain Holmes asked me to help him pilot some lady guests over the ship, a Mrs. McMichael and her daughters, which we did, afterwards going to their home for tea, which was delightful. Then Holmes and I went to the Ritz and had dinner with Forrest Winant. who made an awful hit with friend Captain-you see he (Holmes) is pretty young at that and a bit of a matinee idol. But in justice, Winant really is charming, generous, amusing and well-bred. We went to Forrest's play, "Turn to the Right," and looked back of the stage between the acts, and later to the Ritz with a pretty little actress to have supper. A pleasant day and especially profitable in the glorious experience of finding an

attractive new friend. I have been strongly attracted to Holmes and only hope that the attraction lasts and doesn't burn out. I always fear friendships that start too well. The old myth again is doled out to us "We sail tomorrow" and childlike, or soldier-like—they are much the same—we believe it.

Friday. Again a day of waiting, and it is awfully cold. There are all types aboard this old January 4 packet from a three striper doctor who either studies or plays poker all the time to a D K E ensign from Yale. Having had little practice in my serene life sleeping in boiler factories, I am not resting very well in my new quarters. There is one consolation -time not put in sleeping is usually wasted and I certainly love to waste time. I've really made an art of it, being young and susceptible. Holmes and I had Forrest and the girl on board for lunch. Forrest was a great success, but she is the blankest fool I ever saw, but she is pretty. Looks and brains—seldom? She wanted to pose all the time for her picture. What perfect conceit. I dined with Estelle and found the fair Desire as attractive as ever. She combines in the same degree personality, charm, looks and vanity.

Saturday, We no longer mention sailing. It is a sore January 5 subject. But it continues cold. Mornings we smoke, play poker, and read and yawn. After two P. M. we go ashore and return any time before eight A. M. I find these mornings rapidly become the perfect blanks that so much of the time I have been in the Service becomes, due to its inactivity and dullness. Why must this Service life, even in war times, lack the drive and vitality—the responsibility and initiative of

civilian occupations. I'll be a soldier not one day longer than necessary, for it absolutely stifles all initiative, I have found. Ah! bien, as we say in French. Even diaries can't contain perfect truth or frankness. It's unfortunate, for I had looked forward some time to being able to tell all the truth. Perhaps it's my habits—or rather free from habits—my privileges, I can't record in here a gorgeous, lovely experience. But I've done so. I can truthfully say we will not sail to-morrow.

Sunday, And this is the record of an utterly eventJanuary 6 less day and so worth recording. One
matter only, I found I could not sleep beside the steel coal chute which was celebrating a return
to usefulness. Fancy! And once the motor passing my
window made me wakeful. The Company shows up
better with time. I've enjoyed some excellent music, a
bit uneven from lack of practice, but technical and
almost brilliant. A warmer day indicates a change of
luck perhaps. I believe I would almost say that now
I don't care. Sleep and food and sleep have constituted
a gray, cold Sunday, most of which was spent coaling
ship, replacing coal burned at the docks.

Monday, Another cheerless day. I'm officer of the January 7 day and confess it is a piffling sort of job, but with endless annoyances. Frankly I can't see how it is possible for so many unimportant questions to arise in the minds of only one hundred and twenty-four men. What's the saying "Weary and worn with desire"—so am I for an information clerk. Finished coaling ship again and called off a good party for to-night with Captain Holmes and others. He is still ill and I am anxious about him. To-day one of our men developed

diphtheria, was sent ashore to the hospital. It would be a hideous thing for an epidemic to start here and far from improbable. The living conditions of the men are beyond words. I'm torn between the desire that we get to sea before we can be quarantined and the fear that we will. Taken either way it is a dark prospect and out of my hands. Fate decides, or let the car drive itself.

Tuesday. Hurrah for useless worry. He had ton-January 8 silitis, so that won't hold us up. It is undeniably hard to wait. Spent the morning idling and the afternoon buying candy. Shades of the Crusaders! I'm a regular Chocolate Soldier. I am taking aboard nine pounds of chocolates I've bought and three pounds I've been given. Isn't that funny? Sounds more like a girl going to boarding school than a man going to War. I dined delightfully, with Mrs. Mc-Michael and went to the opera as her guest. They are especially charming and I hope I'll be able to cross their paths again. The opera, St. Elizabeth, was fair, but seemed good to me for I had not been for so long. An early return aboard ship was necessary as liberty expired at midnight in the ever-present superstition that "we will sail to-morrow."

Wednesday, Well, "we've done it." We sailed at 7:20 this January 9 morning, in spite of ice and misgivings, and as I write we're pounding South-east across the night Atlantic. All day we spent coming down the Delaware, passing Cape May, of aerial activities, at 4:30 in the afternoon. How decidedly different it all was from my imagination of a sailing—no crowds, no cheers, no fuss. There were two Dago workmen who loitered in the cold to see us go. They were probably being paid

seven dollars an hour by the Government. This War sets a precedent in the businesslike methods of its conduction—just a cold, unimaginative business, that is all. My thoughts on leaving America were curiously unexpected—no feeling of breaking dear ties, no desire not to go, only gladness to be moving at last and the deep hope that all will go well during my absence with those I love, and the longing to do my job, end the War and get back as soon as I can.

Thursday, All day we have rolled through a black blue January 10 sea, the wind to stern. Although she has considerable motion it is not violent, her load is too heavy. On going on deck this morning I found a destroyer about half a mile on each side of us, wallowing along in the sea. We'd picked up our convoy in the night. The wind still follows us, a North-west wind from home. I can fancy it blowing through Chicago, which I love so well, and over the prairies of the Ohio and the Appalachians which I have crossed so often on the Pennsylvania, and then over the clean Atlantic to me.

We've been standing four hours (on the bridge), watchers, as Junior Officers of the day, in charge of the sentries and the Marine lookouts. It's quite interesting. Most of all is the wonder of being actually on a transport bound for "over there." It seems unreal. The wireless news to-day looks like an early peace.

Friday, Last night brought a tragedy. A while January 11 before midnight I was awakened by a rush of water and cries. The water was a foot deep in the passage and was rolling about madly, but I was sleepy and dozed off. It appears that a particularly heavy sea struck the ship amidships (right over my

room) and washed a fireman back into the ash chute. He had a forty foot fall and was dead when picked up in the engine room, where there was two feet of water, and this death of a countryman, a ship-mate, hadn't caused even a passing remark. His life was like one of the little momentary flashes of phosphorus which I watched with Sellon to-night, lit a moment in the water and then out and the blackness of the waves. But all our lives are like that—a flash of light and Eternity. A calmer sea has followed, and otherwise a day of minor interest. It is lots warmer. We have taken the destroyer Terry in tow for a couple of days, as she hasn't sufficient fuel for her own power. To bed early, as I go on watch at four in the morning.

Saturday, A heavy sea is coming up on our port quarter-that is, from the North-west. January 12 Terry, still in tow, pitches and rolls and breaks the steel cable, which takes four hours to replace. The voyage has been but five days under way and yet it is a terrible bore. All we have to do is play poker, read, go on watch and sleep. This morning I saw my first sunrise at sea for a long while. I had the watch from 4 to 8 A. M. Out of a dark, star-filled sky, with shooting sparks of phosphorus in the sea below, came hurrying clouds, a gradual lightness in the East, gray, blue, pink, and then the Dawn. It is a miracle, just fresh created every day. Nothing else of interest in the day, but that's enough. One beautiful thing. I go on watch again tonight from midnight to four in the morning. Pretty conceit, n'est ce pas?

Sunday, I'm tired and blue, for the whole War is such a useless thing. I don't want to waste my time as I am doing—my years are too

few, art is too long, and this is all so useless and idle. Way down inside of me is a power that is bigger than I am. It's a good power for creative work and all this War business is killing it, and senselessly useless. There's only one thing to do and that is to do my job and not growl about it, and get out of the Service as soon as the War ends. Another aimless day, blowing rain. I didn't do a single thing or think a single stimulating thought. In other words, it is just like the rest of the days in the Service. I am developing a beautiful sore throat and feel miserable.

Monday, The wireless press brings news of bitter January 14 gales through the States and the barometer indicates that we will get them. As a matter of fact, we've had North-west gales ever since we left and the waves wash aboard this old hull pretty regularly.

This afternoon the Board sat on the death of Napoleon Minard, late fireman, third class, U. S. Navy. Napoleon! Surely the Fates are humorists. Can you hear their sardonic laughter coming down the winds between the worlds? Napoleon—so named, and he made his entry into the next world backwards, with his mouth full of sea water, down a filthy ash hoist. But he did all for his Country that anyone can do, he died.

My throat turns out to be tonsilitis and now I taste like a drug store. As a matter of tremendous import, I am feeling rotten.

Tuesday, To-day not much better. As I write, the January 15 seas break with a wash on the decks above my head, for we are in a pretty mid-January gale. Already and a thousand miles from the Azores

some of our officers are beginning to sleep with their clothes on, ready to go on deck. Not me. I am too much of a fatalist to make myself uncomfortable to miss the chance of it. I suppose the real reason is that to date I haven't begun to worry. Still, of course, I do wonder if perhaps these pages will flutter slowly in the black depths of the sea and if instead of turning them over, all yellow with age, in my arm chair before the fire, perhaps some hideous creature of the depths may look them over with his phosphorous eyes and find them odd for soldier's diary. Only 140 miles in twenty-four hours.

Wednesday, And again the gales follow us. Not a January 16 single day has been given us so far when the waves haven't blown over the decks. We haven't any of us been sea-sick, which is surprising when you stop to think it is so rough one can scarcely stand and that soup plates land with disconcerting suddenness in our laps. I enjoyed the motion at first. It is monotonous now.

Great excitement today—a periscope, with attendant blowing of whistles, crew at general quarters and life belts on, only to have it turn out a barrel, which shows something of the tension of this voyage. I have made no mention. I think, of the darkened ship. It is magnificent—this great hull rushing through the starlight without a bit of light, sentries challenging black voices out of the night.

Thursday, We entered the official barred zone today January 17 and our attendant destroyers closed in as night fell. We're running to a submarine base and I think a submarine fighting outfit of great value. There can't be any doubt they will try to get us.

We're worth five thousand men and equipment. Curiously, I am not afraid—at least not yet. Death is a splendid gamble and while I love life madly, still I am not frightened at my prospects, or even uneasy. Was it Seeger who said:

"I find no fear in death,
No horror to abhor;
I never thought it aught
But just to cease to dwell spectator
And resolve most naturally once more
Into the dearly loved eternal spectacle."

I can't say I have achieved that sublime attitude, but I am tranquil. More, I am curious. So now I'm going to my bed to dream pleasant dreams of home and peace.

Friday. At midnight we ran into a gale, a truly new experience. I found it impossible to January 18 stay in bed, we rolled so. At intervals of five minutes great seas broke over the deck above me, washing and tearing, and combining with the howl of the wind and the shivering of the ship to produce an awesome effect. The waves even came down the ventilating funnels so badly that the kitchen floor was a foot deep in water. Eevryone was awake; sleep was impossible. At midnight I went on watch and in the dark found seas piling up like mountains. They seem to rush down on our stern and pick up the ship like a chip, breaking over her and twisting her about. We have posted sentries to keep everyone off the decks. They would be washed away. All day the storm has continued with regular squalls and driving rain. All during my watch the wind was entered on the log as No. 11: that is better than 80 miles an hour.

Saturday, And today it continues unabated. I stood January 19 on the bridge and saw seas come that loomed above my head—and that was on the bridge. I saw waves come over clear on the hurricane deck and spray thrown over the funnels. At one wave there was a foot of water on the bridge. Every ship's officer says that it is the worst sea he ever experienced, and no one has been seasick.

The very funniest thing I ever saw was this morning's breakfast. A huge roll to starboard and the long table, fifteen chairs, men, syrup, scrambled eggs, everything, sailed down on Captain Evans, who was pinned back of the table, his hands in his lap, his eyes staring, his mouth open. I laughed until my sides ached at his looks as he received all these things.

This afternoon, because the Terry was out of fuel, we put into Horta, Island of Fayal, a beautiful quaint town in a mountainous bay. I have never seen anything more lovely. All the officers got liberty but me. I had to stay out until midnight in a dinky launch patrolling the mouth of the harbor for submarines.

Sunday, But believe me, I went ashore today and January 20 stayed ashore. Captain Evans and I climbed a mountain and walked miles. Then with Mims and Dr. Costello I looked over the town. It is a beautiful, quaint old place, five hundred years old. The people are clean, simple and very hospitable, and very glad to see troops. We went to a Masonic Club, eighteen members, all prosperous citizens, and drank a million kinds of spigotti liquors. We were taken to a number of homes and found them clean, simple and pleasant, and we went with an old man to a peasant's house, old women, dogs, cats, baby, indescribable but interesting. I went to the Fayal Hotel,

had dinner and played poker with eight ship's officers. Found it was so rough that the launch could not go to the ship, so we stayed all night in the poorhouse, no room elsewhere; straw mattresses, but clean. Mims and Costello had a fight and got into a lot of trouble trying to kill all the Spigs on the Island.

Monday, The sailors in the next partition (being January 21 drunk) got us up early and we trailed off in the rain to find that it was still too rough to go aboard, so we went back to the town and breakfasted enormously. Costello was sheepish—and he did have a large evening. His plan was to kill Spigs until six this morning and then to kill Marines until six tomorrow morning (a relic of his fight with Mims, I suppose).

The white houses, green or red shutters and blue or yellow window panes are most lovely. Every foot of this Island is under cultivation. It's astounding. I am going to like the people, also, Old World and pleasant. At about nine we managed to get aboard and I went to bed. The Beal, which went to Ponta del Gada for oil for the Terry, is back and I hope we will soon be under way. A week ago a submarine sank a schooner just outside this harbor and many of them have been sighted, but we have only 180 miles to go and then to work. I'm sick of loafing, although Fayal's charm is far from being exhausted.

Tuesday, We sailed tonight and passed Pico's snowcapped peak in beautiful moonlight. The night is just right for a submarine attack, calm, bright, so no one went to bed. The strain was considerable I found out when it was all over. I, however, had a delightful experience—an all night talk with Dr. Thompson (a two and a half striper), which canvassed all subjects. Dawn, with its alarms, came beautifully, and at noon we reached Ponta del Gada. First impressions are charming—verdant, precipitous hills, a half-moon harbor, white houses with tiled roofs, rather the houses are rainbow hued. I am going to love this place. Completely tired out I went to sleep all afternoon and early in the evening. I can't see or understand why we haven't been torpedoed. It seems the greatest bit of idiocy imaginable to have delayed at Horta. The sub is a minus in my estimate. Or perhaps they know we have all German noncoms and spared their countrymen. At all events, our voyage is over.

Wednesday, The harbor is full of shipping and varied, hence interesting. All morning I have January 23 loafed about the ship, but this afternoon I went ashore with Dr. Thompson and we rambled. I am entranced. I feel in these narrow streets, among these houses of every color, quaint, tiny, under a blue sky from "Never Never Land," that I've stepped into a dream. The cleanliness, the age of the place, the courtesy of the people—oh! it's all out of another world from the breathless rush of America. I can't describe the beauties of Del Gada. I can't tell the loveliness of the street I've just passed any more than I can describe the beauties which lie around the corner I have not yet turned. There is an atmosphere here which I never encountered, and how I love it. Surely I can work here. Surely among all this beauty I can "dream true." And this is War. Why, it's a picnic. I feel almost a slacker but that I have dangerous work to do and that I volunteered for anything. Surely I'm lucky—lucky.

Today I've tried to work but failed, so I've Thursday. loafed. The unloading of the ship is going January 24 to be a serious problem, as we are too big to get to the dock. We're going to have to lighter out our entire cargo, which will take quite a while. lighter and all the harbor boats are colorful. There is a little steam tug, about thirty feet, a trim little craft painted pink, in charge of a gray-bearded old pirate named Caesar. He is the rooster of the flock of hen lighters, brown boats, double decked, holding thirty tons, and what a fuss of crowing he does with his puffy little boat and his peanut steam whistle. We hope to begin unloading tomorrow in earnest. I stood around most of the day as useless and anxious to help as a dog at a bull fight.

Friday, A hard day's work is done. We've got a January 25 pretty decent system and the unloading proceeds faster than I'd thought. I have a title. I am "Admiral of the Mosquito Fleet" because I had the brilliant idea of using the ship's boats as lighters. The executive officer gave me four big boats and a steam launch and I am unloading two hundred tons a day, which helps a lot.

And again today we worked like niggers Saturday, January 26 and looked like them from smut and cement dust. It did seem odd to be in charge of the gang where Rollie Harger was working-good old Rollie-he's corporal. I'm lieutenant. We've lifted sacks together and had a smoke during rest. Later, he, Burke (a former instructor in Cornell University) and I were heaving a load together, for I worked as hard as any of my men, and remarked on the oddity, three college men, all pulling on a rope, 2400 miles from home. Today has been such a day as I liked to lie on my back under the pine trees at White Lake and feel the soft breeze, and just plain live. And this is January. A week should see us unloaded and another should see us flying. I hope so.

By some luck we didn't work, and this Sunday, morning we went ashore to see our new January 27 camp site. It is on a level meadow in a curious old park up in the hills, facing off south towards the sunny warm sea. The soil is volcanic ash, red and porous, in which the heaviest rain is quickly absorbed. I find it a lovely place, with the hillsides overgrown with palms, pine, cactus and bushes which will flower in a few months. On the return we watched Portuguese officers drilling recruits in civilian clothes, for all the world as we drilled on the campus at home last spring, except that although these men were very well dressed, collars, cravats, etc., every man in two companies with one exception was barefooted. And again I thought what a hideous thing War is, to take these simple folk from their sunny homes and put them into the tearing, torturing occupation of the trenches.

Monday, To-day the first mail left for home and I January 28 had the humorous joy of watching the censors at work, my first glimpse. There were three Ensigns of the ship and my amusement at seeing them cut out long pages of over-zealous description in some of the officers' letters was only surpassed by one of them swearing (he'd been reading letters all night): "Good God! Look here, Ferguson. This damn lovesick ass has written fifteen letters to the same girl"—and he had. You see I could laugh; mine had all gone through unopened. Otherwise, if I had known they would have been read my style would have been badly cramped, I am afraid.

Tonight, under a full moon, I rambled through the town and feasted on the romance of this strange new land. This is a lovely place—hills, town, sea and moon, "wanting no more than your kiss by the blue edge of the sea."

Tuesday,
January 29

That verse I quoted last night keeps with me, but in its entirety—
"Love, let me thank you for this,
Now we have drifted apart;
Thanks for the warmth of your kiss."

Oh! it's all wrapped up in such a happy peace. I think that for a long while I will be content here, away from all I love, for I can never be lonely. I have a precious storehouse of tender, glad memories, on which I can and do draw heavily. It is many thousand miles to those dear ones, but any night I can close my eyes and be with them and time or space do not matter. And that's an odd thing. Of late I can go back in my dreams where I will and dance and play with you all. I'm going to come to you now, so it's not good-night, but hello.

Wednesday, The sailor is a funny animal, unbelievable January 30 as a giraffe. He seems human, for he breathes and walks rather like a man and eats like a man, oh! very much indeed, but he sleeps on a deck like a dog, or in a hammock like a cocoon. Today I heard Ferguson (Bo'suns mate and hard as nails), sitting beside his helper on a box, side by side, discussing whether or not there was window glass in Port au Prince. It was just a friendly little talk, two feet away from each other, and you could have heard every word they said back of the cathedral in Ponta del Gada. Any ordinary man would have fought at least three times in each sentence. Epithets! and old ones. No originality. A college man could do much better. Hurrah for education!

We're still unloading ship, but it is getting down. A whale of a wind came up last night—a grand little place to fly in.

Thursday, Boynton, who has been rooming with me January 31 lately, came aboard late after a hard evening. From his antics this morning I imagine the Portuguese liquor has more animals in it than a zoo. They say it tastes good clear up to the time it kills you outright. That's yet to be learned.

We moved to our camp in the late afternoon and had our first meal (a rotten one) in a wind-blown open tent. This camping may be the life, but I doubt if I am meant for it. You see a 9 by 8 tent, even if you have it alone, isn't precisely the Ritz for luxury. And how it does rain and blow, and how the old tent flaps. I managed to spend the evening tying things down and trying to find a mattress and pillow, in which engaging operation I was

conspicuously unsuccessful. To bed with a sweater for a pillow.

Friday, The first dawn came auspiciously. I have February 1 learned about the tent game. You crawl in and try to be comfortable. Every trickle of water counts one point. If the tent is blown away three times in one night (such accidents as a truck running into it in the dark, with consequent disaster, being barred)—if it is blown away three times in one night you win. I nearly qualified last night.

Today Brewster and I tried to unload the Hancock, but as the Navy littered us up pretty badly we didn't. Hence we repaired to the town and had a white man's dinner with some spigotti liquor which I mentioned before. Clever stuff. Burning cognac in an orange peel with sugar seems to be the favorite indoor pastime, and a beautiful one. Wonder if the tent will blow away tonight.

Saturday, We've worked at the Hancock again today February 2 and I've sent letters on her to home. I'm beginning to become accustomed to a tent. Mine is getting to be home and after a while will be convenient and attractive. However, I still prefer my dream of a huge fire-place and a quiet rug on the hearth, with dancing shadows on fine pictures, rare furniture, and in her laughing eyes (whoever she may be) as she lies back in my arms, to a lantern, an oil stove and a cot in these canvas walls. And no tent is merely a tent. It may be a fairy palace if only the heart and the power to dream true dreams of fairyland are within it.

Sunday, One of the funniest things in the Azores February 3 occurred today when a horse and I went for a ride. He was a little horse, but stubborn and very tired. My legs had to be tucked up under me so as not to drag, and the fatigued animal had an embarrassing habit of picking out a house and taking me up to it and then leaning against it! I felt like a cradle snatcher or something. But even at that, it was delight-Far into the hills overlooking the sea, my pockets full of flowers, warm sunshine about me, it seemed that War was indefinitely removed. A charming old couple with extensive greenhouses for pineapples took me in and treated me delightfully. "Cipriano" and you knock at the door. There is a singular quaintness and sweetness, a kindly courtesy in the peasants which is nonexistent at home. I think very fine gentlemen could be bred from this Azorean peasant stock.

Monday, Today great excitement and our first mail.

February 4 Several letters came for most of the officers and then I got mine—one infernal bill.

Rather discouraging, but then I've supreme confidence in many good friends, so I'll have plenty once the letters start. But it was a bad beginning.

With Sellon I've spent the afternoon in some submarines. They are amazingly complicated, dirty, unhealthy, inconvenient things. It seems to me that the life of their officers is not only the most unpleasant and dangerous, but (in this war) the most useless of any of the Service. The officers had bitter experiences to relate in their crossing—ten days without sleep or bath, broken engines, bad air, oh! it was a pretty story.

Also, I've been paid \$145 in gold, which I promptly

exchanged for \$174 in American paper, there being a 20 per cent premium on gold. Pretty good, and I'm going to save 75 per cent of my pay here.

Tuesday. An old wall of moss-covered rock, loop-February 5 holed for musketry: at the left a pink and white church; above the wall an olive tree; beyond and below, green country and the blue sky; and far on the other side the cloud-tipped mountains—and the great blue sky above. Surely this is a bit of fairyland. I find on greater acquaintance, gained through a magnificent ride on a fire-eating horse, still more and more to entrance me. The oldest settlers evidently were Dutch, for I climbed to the most curious old windmill, truly Dutch. The old women here spin yarn from flax held in a forked stick onto a steel spindle held and worked in the right hand. The result is a curiously even grade of cloth, white and strong, not unlike face towels at home. Riding down these peaceful country lanes to the sea it doesn't seem possible that this is War, that I am a soldier, perhaps the last least of all, the very least.

Wednesday, A new ship dropped in today from France, February 6 bound for home, and another arrived bearing heavy mail for all the officers but me. So far my correspondence has been limited to a million letters written and one bill received. Friends are singularly necessary, I've found, and how rich, how very rich I am in them. I foresee in years to come close friendships with the most interesting and brilliant people in America that will be mine. I have cultivated these friends always and shall make more.

But this life is too easy, too pleasant. I'm fretful already. France, big deeds, big risks, beckon me, and I

shall count this experience as being almost negative in value if I do not have the chance to get into the thick of it. There is just one reason to hold me, my dear family. And yet each has the right to live his own life, selfish and hardening philosophy. But to achieve to become supreme, hardness is an essential.

Thursday, The interior of a Portuguese home is great-February 7 ly like those in America. The soirce at which I was a guest tonight was interesting chiefly for my impression of the mongrel appearance of the women. They were of the better class, but a more hopeless appearing collection of riff raff I have never seen. The men of the country frequently are distinguished looking, with cleanly cut features, and yet they are born from these women.

I must confess, however, that the hospitality extended a guest in these homes is infinitely superior to ours at home. It is so perfect that like most things utterly complete, its perfection detracts from its charm. There were but four English-speaking officers and fifty Portuguese people, and yet they had marked all of the very elaborate dishes in English to make it easier for us. They dance abominably, no freedom or ease, no spontaneity. The wish for France increases.

Friday, I think God created this land early in that February 8 first day of Eternity, before He was weary of His labors, and that now He often returns to it when the work of all His worlds has tired Him, to rest and to rejoice. He must rejoice in the peace, the simplicity, the decency, the frugality of these Azoreans. With infinite patience they have builded with sticks and twigs, revetting walls to make terraces on precipitous

hillsides, terraces often only ten feet wide, and yet they are wide enough to turn barren slopes into gardens of fertility. And the fact that their hard labor brings them but such recompense as fifteen cents a day has not soured them. It has not taken from their eyes the sunny smiles, as warm as the magnificent blue sky, or from their manner the courtesy and kindliness of their original generosity.

Saturday. The wonders increase. Today, and alone, February 9 I rode to the westward hills off the good roads and followed the bridle path. At last I came out upon a pink and white village high up on the cliff, with the blue sea rolling in below it and bursting into rainbow-hued foam, five hundred feet straight down below me. And saturating the sea and the shore was marvelous blue, blue sky. Perhaps it is noticeable that I have so often remarked about this sky. Warm, deep as a woman's eyes at night, it has impressed me profoundly. It is such a sky as I dream of in the fancied dreams of long ago, the sky of "Never Never Land" I've called it before. It is the sky of my dreams before I learned to complicate and hamper my dreams with reality. It is the beauty of childhood, when one dreams true.

Sunday, If there is a more curiously mixed series February 10 of reactions to anything in the world than there is to censoring a heavy mail I have yet to find it. Overwhelming all to me is a sense of pity. I feel all bound up within, as if crying would be a luxurious relief. These letters have affected me as does great simple opera, by reason of their very simplicity. They are so plain, so unadorned and so sincere, these letters to far away home and to "Dere Mother". They are such children in mind to be picked up by chance (as

I am) and whirled here, perhaps next to be danced off into Eternity. And they, more than any other thing, have taken away my sense of individuality, of being a person, a single, distinct character. After all the work was over and I started my letter home, I felt I could say only the same thing, somewhat adorned. I felt that I was not I, a different thing, but that I was just one of many crawling, squirming, wiggling maggots in the sun. Selah.

Monday. I have been thinking that somewhere in this February 11 series of impressions might well be my reason for writing them, and this is as good a place as any. There are really several. Firstly, I'd thought to keep a record of my impressions which might prove interesting in later years, a sort of day to day account of events, for I'd thought this was to be the Great Adventure. Now I doubt it. I wonder if in the real things, compared to the real adventures of love, achievement of art, it will be of any size. But to return. And later I'd thought to keep my touch at writing by this daily compulsion. I've given up the first idea. A cold summary of events will be as deadly in after years as it is now. But impressions, fleeting moods and thoughts and my expressing of them, these are of value. give me a mile post at which I can look back and smile and say, "How amateurish, how young and ignorant." I can measure progress.

Wednesday, To get away from memories I went last February 13 night to an Azorean theater for the last of their Mardi Gras. And I did forget. The boxes were filled with little black-eyed children, at-

tended by their fat mammas, or with the local beauties. The pit was full of a curious mixture of sailors, peasants and the better class, all the men with hats on and mostly with rain coats. When I arrived, about nine, the whole place was a madhouse, confetti actually a foot deep, horns, paper in snow falls and in streamers. And they began shooting water, great tubes like shaving cream tubes, into everyone's face. No one paid any attention to the actors except to throw things at them. Men in groups would rush some certain box and drench the women in it, who would soak the men in return. Everyone was wet, dank hair filled with confetti, and everybody laughing, acting like children. Oh, I forgot, until I got to the camp.

Friday. We've had a couple of machines running February 15 and the crowd increases. The natives seem to think we're supermen. Odd, if they really knew. I think some of us at least are sub-gentlemen. Under a bright moonlight tonight Terry and I walked about town, amid its multicolored walls bright in the moonlight, and with its soft black shadows, and sat on the sea wall and (believe me or not) made believe. We were in a luxurious limousine in Riverside Drive. under this moon but cold, with snow under foot. My fair one wore a champagne colored dress and stockings which entranced me. His had black hair and deep blue eyes, dark blue. He didn't go any further than her eyes. We went happily out to the Abbey Inn and to the Red Lion, with its open fire, and came back to three o'clock breakfast in Terry's apartment in Washington Square and then we went back to our tents in the Azores. Just children again, but happy.

A big day in the history of this little town, Saturday. February 16 for this morning we made the first aeroplane flight in the Azores. Crowds lined the streets, docks, water front and house tops. A municipal holiday was declared, quite a grand occasion. One ragged old peasant, delightful in his multicolored patches, on his little noisy donkey, said he got there at five in the morning. Word had been passed that the first flight would be at 10:30, but he wanted to be on time. An old lady in the national costume of huge blue hood and cape, knelt in the middle of the street by the flying beach when the first plane went up and prayed continuously for the safety of its aviators until they returned, nearly half an hour. We sent out three machines and made ten flights. Everything combined to make it a success-fair blue weather and the ever-present element of luck.

Sunday, A lovely and eventful day. It began with February 17 a visit to the cathedral, old and mothy, with its images of Holy Ones, all poorly made. On horseback Shealy and I continued. And then to fairyland. Over the high pink wall we glimpsed roses and great oranges, and after fastening our horses to the worn green knocker on the green gate, we climbed the wall and dropped down ten feet into paradise. Green walks, mouldy, and green hedges; rose bushes twenty-five feet high arched overhead, and under the orange trees wild iilies ten inches across grew. It was as if lovers had found this place and built it and been too happy then to prune or mow it, but had just loved and laughed until their happiness had permeated everything.

Monday, My mind has been lazy all day. I've been February 18 a contented dog lying in the sun, blinking at the light, and this makes it hard to write.

I must be lazy when during the whole day no thought has entered my mind worthy of preservation. One big thing stands out in action—my first cold shower. I'm clean and tingling with life, and wishing with all my heart to be able to go back, back where the music from Brewster's tent takes me, "Allah's Holiday."

Tuesday, Today I had my first flight in the Azores, February 19 an hour hop. The most distinct reaction is the surprise at finding how instinctive flying has become. It is now two and a half months since I have flown, and yet the former control came to me as easily as ever. Flying is like swimming, I am sure, or skating, or riding a bicycle, in that once it is learned and the muscles become adapted, it is never forgotten. From the air this rolling, fertile country looks even better than from the sea. We had expected bad air currents, due to the mountains, but to date haven't found any.

Word has passed around of Russia's peace and it has only brought forth remarks of, "It'll delay the end, but what's the odds. We're in it." Yes, we are in it, in a way, but I hope to be a lot more closely in it before I go back to the peaceful home land.

Wednesday, First experience at bomb dropping came February 20 this morning when Lieutenant Mims and I went up. At a certain predetermined point on the ground was a marker, and I flew the plane while he dropped a dummy (practice bomb). I regret to record in this storehouse of truth—and fiction—that he missed the mark by more than enough.

Matt Terry has a complete outfit for taking and projecting pictures, motion pictures, that is. In the afternoon and evening I helped him do some developing and after that was over he projected on the white wall of his laboratory a couple of reels he had taken. One was of his club and the buildings at Princeton. The other was his home, the car rolling up, his mother and sister alighting and then inside, going to their duties and talking. I record this at such length for it impressed me greatly. I never realized the wonder of being able to see your dear ones talking and smiling though thousands of miles away. It made me very homesick.

Thursday, Man's an odd creature and he has surely a February 21 dual mind; the super mind directed by his will, the lower governed by his training, fibre, instinct, what you will, and sometimes this subconscious mind is the actual controlling force. All of which means that a man may direct his actions to an unworthy situation and then almost against his consciousness will be held away from completion by his subconscious training. I was a bit depressed the other day, I am sure, when I derided my brother officers. They are not a bad lot. I am doubtful if I'm not really lucky in finding myself with eleven men as decent as they are. I do know of so many less desirable ones in the Service. Terry and Shealy I understand very thoroughly and like a great deal. I have always believed that if I knew any man thoroughly enough I'd like him. Why, that implies I'm an optimist. What a category!

Friday, Major General (2d Lt.) Bill Shealy and the February 22 author of these commentaries procured a couple of weather-beaten artillery nags from the Spigs and, as they say, "mounted for prom-

enade." At any rate, we visited again "Paradise Garden" and after gorging on oranges rode on to the next town down the coast, Villa Lagoa, a lovely little place across the bay and about ten miles from Ponta del Gada. As there was no cafe, we went to a peasant's cottage and a toothless old hag welcomed us to one of the cleanest places imaginable and served us thousands of fried eggs and ham sausage which was so strong it got up and ran around the place. You speared it as it went by. And then she gave us meringues such as my grandmother delighted to make. The house had a floor of lava stone, white plastered walls and thatched roof, all comfortable and different as you please. And all this holiday because Washington was born, like everybody else. But then he lived differently, which is what counts.

Owing to the dredge working at the en-Saturday. February 23 trance to our flying beach, we have not done any air work today. After an inspection of the company in heavy marching order there was general liberty. About fifty sailors and officers from various ships staged a game which was the epitome of rotten baseball. In disgust I came away and had a hair cut in my tent by one of the mess men, Lavendar, who waits on the officers' table, and I certainly learned a lesson in gameness from him. He had two years of college and came into the Corps in April, 1917, as a second lieutenant. After training at Port Royal camp for six weeks a technical error threw him out of his commission and he was told he could either enlist or get out. He decided to stick it out and enlisted. Now he's cutting hair and waiting on table (for his parents need the extra money); smiling and cheerful and determined to work up. That's a case of real sand for you.

Sunday, And today we played a nine-inning game February 24 to a 2-to-2 tie with the Wheeling. I am safe in saying that it was one of the best games I have ever witnessed for interest, although full of errors. But overshadowing all of this is the great fact that we received mail today. Mine was light, a letter from mother written January 16th, and that is my first mail since leaving Philadelphia. What pleasant memories it conjured up of home and dear ones, and how it made me long to be back with them. I also received the original, but not the complete copy, of "Who's Looney Now." And all day I have been gloriously lazy, mind and body. These periods of indolence usually forebode unusual periods of activity.

A story has been seething in my bonnet and Monday. February 25 it is about ready to pop out. It is about a couple of lonely soldiers and their day dream which works out. I believe it will be nice and sticky with sentiment—quite the popular type. The old, old ache of mine to be living and writing is consuming me. The Azores, peaceful and pleasant, are stifling. I want to get on and on to big things which will build me. I want to get into this scrap all the way up to my eyes and to live life madly. And then I want to write life. I want life and I want to live. I do not want to die, but I think I'd rather die in the big fight than live and never enter the fighting. Patience is necessary—and hard. I have eaten life too ravenously to nibble at the crumbs of this thing. I hope I'll always be a glutton when life is served, hot, savory and entrancing.

Tuesday, We're not flying yet, so another lazy day February 26 has dragged itself backward into the past. When an aviator is not flying he is the most

useless of men. I've a prospect of work, however. Tonight I've received summons to sit as member of the Board of Court Martial of one of our privates. I am happy at the chance. It is life, new experience, and it will be necessary to learn all this sooner or later. Lord, give me poise. Tonight at dinner in town I heard a threestriper navy doctor make the most childish, weak and undignified statements it ever has been my lot to listen to. Oh, surely it is only right for a man to have and to maintain a reserve. The lesson tonight was sickening, but invaluable.

Wednesday, Death came close today. I could see the February 27 hollow of the skull through the empty eyes. It's such things that make this flying the greatest thing in the world. Mims and I had been up for half an hour and on returning, making a landing in a stiff breeze, were forced to keep on by a cutter getting in the way. A ten-foot buoy, a monitor and three subs loomed up before us, a hundred feet away, and we were going a hundred miles an hour. We rose and cleared the buoy by two feet, then facing the rock cliff had to turn so sharply that she side slipped on one wing to within eight feet of a heavy dock; after that we had to clear the mass of big shipping 700 feet away, which we cleared by perhaps five feet; and just a touch of any one of them would have finished us. But it was well worth it, for if we'd not had to turn off we would have landed at 100 miles an hour and been tripped by a seveninch cable suddenly stretched across the opening, and at that speed we would have broken our necks. A close shave—exciting and a lot of fun.

Thursday, The luck to act as a member of the General February 28 Court Martial Board has fallen to me. I am glad, for that means good experience, also it allows me to get out of officer of the day duty.

Friday, Pay day! Not that it is of much import March 1 except as an aid to saving. Last month I spent only \$20 and had everything I wanted, this lacking board bill. I was paid \$197.10 and sent Dad \$125, Harry Gibbons \$8 and the Q. M. \$26.40; also paid my mess, \$20.97. I expect to save about \$150 a month.

Gruenberg, a private, proves of interest. I can't be sure whether I dare to trust interest to him or not. I fear to be disappointed. He is too fascinating at first impressions. Bill Shealy I'm going to like greatly. He and I are possibly forming the basis of real friendship. I have learned to be very careful in my choice of friends. It is an honor I am not ready to give lightly.

I have written about a 7,000-word story today and feel as though I'd justified the life I've been given, today at least.

Saturday, After three days the Court Martial finally March 2 fixed the penalty for our first case, a Marine drunk and absent from guard detail. We had met in the ward room of the monitor Tonopah and I shan't soon forget my feelings there. As I sat on that Board, a man's future in my hands, I felt the most abysmal hypocrite. What right have I to play "Holy of Holies", I? I have sinned in many ways. I am not perfect. How can I judge? And as I looked around the Board I knew that I was more perfect than the average, and that must extend to civil courts. It makes you sure that it goes through all society and that what counts is

not what you do, but also whether you get caught. That's the essence of destructive thought and yet it's true, at least for externals. And the navy law is all wrong—no circumstances taken into account, no cause, no judgment of character. Just "Are you guilty?" and then the imposition of the provided penalty. It's cold and inhuman, and most of all, terribly unjust.

I spent the morning in a real tent doing Sunday. March 3 some vaudeville and succeeded in landing three good ideas, which was worth while. And then Holmes interrupted me. I feel sorry for him. He's alone, and a pretty decent sort, so I go out of my way to be nice to him. Shealy and I walked in the afternoon and I saw one really attractive girl. Hereafter I have a mission—to meet her. We wound up a rather aimless evening with a visit to the local vaudeville theater. odd, as all Portuguese amusements. Posts in a circle around the pit. The best men in town come to these seats and until the curtain is up stand in their places, stare at the women and point. All during the play they smoke and wear their hats. The acting is very fair. I have seen worse on the "big time" by far. A pretty generally dull day.

Monday, This has been my day for officer of the March 4 day duty, which requires constant attendance at camp in the day and all night at the flying beach. The day I've used in writing a few verses, some letters, and reading some of Barrie's plays. What a singular gift is youth. All the charms and piquancy of a fairy flitting through the dappled shadows of a spring glade lie in his work. I love these plays and admire their accurate workmanship. I've got the feeling that

some day I, too, will do some work here. The lights of shipping in the harbor, the tinkle of the metal on a French sub chaser, the ripple of the water on the rocks—oh, how it all brought back summer resort days. It might have been Black Lake long ago. Rollie and I stood over here in this foreign land and talked of many things which soldiers should forget. We might have been, again, undergraduates in white flannels, going to a dance, not men in khaki with automatics on our hips.

Tuesday. A windy day has prevented flying and for March 5 nearly a week now I have done nothing. I am fed up. I'd give ten years for some action, something to do. I am twenty-six and I've made a fairly good success in business and a beginning in the arts. I have worked hard and have ability, and here I am, without a single bit of responsibility, without any work, a piece of expensive deadwood, as are the other nine junior officers. I never felt such utter self-contempt as in this company. I am useless and I know it, and yet I was placed here. We all were. If I could make it, I'd resign and enter the British Naval Air Service. I'd see action there, at least, but there is no chance, and the Marines have no place where I could be transferred. I've got to stick it out. Something's wrong, all wrong in this company, and I think it is idleness. Is my "big adventure" to be a fizzle, just a day dream?

Wednesday, The thought of and longing for action conMarch 6 tinues. With my training I would be
eagerly accepted in any naval flying service
in the world. I've been looking up the British service.
Action there, for sure, but I don't see how I could get a
resignation accepted to enter it. Always I encounter that

stone wall. Good God! The big things of the world are being done by other men no better trained, no more eager than I am. In these same hours they are fighting gloriously, which I put in pitching quoits or lying on my cot reading. Haven't I a right to my share? Am I not fit to enter into that high cameraderie? Patience, patience, always that. And all the while I am idling. Someone who knew said "Idleness is the rust which first destroys the finest metals". I've even gone to such fool lengths as to look up court martial laws to find how I could be kicked out. But I won't go that way, even for action.

Thursday. If imagination didn't help me I would in-March 7 deed be lost here, but always she comes to my aid. Man differs from the brutes in that he possesses imagination—some of my acquaintances, but none of my friends—having almost as little as a pig, however. The ordinary man sees things that are straight ahead almost entirely, but he with imagination is the fortunate chap who can see around the corner. And that is where romance dances lightly in the moon moats, just around the corner. Elusively she's always there (to the man who dreams) and as he pursues her he catches just a fleeting glance, for when he reaches her and holds her just a little moment she is gone, beckoning and laughing, around the next corner. And oh! the joy of following her and the charm of the dream of her-just around the next corner. All of which means that I have been dreaming, sweet, wide-eyed dreams today.

Friday, Truly a red-letter day. Mail! And most unexpectedly, indeed, for with usual naval efficiency, fine new destroyers and big col-

liers come and go barren of mail. And today a rotten, unseaworthy little tub of an S. P. boat brings us our letters. Several, two from Mother and three papers, made me happy. Like a lad with a dish of cakes I skimmed over each, taking a bite of each, and then went back to devour them. And like a boy I've kept the icing (Mother's letters) to the last. And there is still one big roll of papers I've denied myself until tomorrow. Just a boy, you see.

As I have read these papers of home and college I've felt more glad than ever that I am away, even here, for during this war I could not bear to be at home. A young man's place is elsewhere. And what a splendid youth have been my friends. Almost to a man I find they're in the Service. Not a slacker, not a coward in the lot. I have been privileged.

Ambition is spurring me onward. Saturday. March 9 comes (in cycles, I am sure) a feeling of tremendous power, a certainty that there is absolutely nothing which I cannot accomplish if I want it hard enough really to work for it. I know that that is true, and I have the satisfaction of knowing, too, that there hasn't ever been a single thing which I have wanted, really wanted, which I haven't gotten. And I do want to write clean, big, fine plays which will entertain and give a little more pleasure to an already happy world. I can do it and I will. I will work, work, work, which paves the road to achievement and happiness. The power is here, bigger than I realize, and I will use it. I have never given up anything I wanted and I want success as a writer. It's mine to take. I claim my right. Glory and achievement lie just around the corner with romance. Sunday, A clear fine day finds me restless, anxious March 10 to be off with the birds of fancy nesting in the foot-lights. All the blue sky of imagination calls "Take wings, fancy free, follow me up and away."

A good ball game (most unwarlike) Shealy and I followed with a walk into town, where we watched the Catholic procession with its hideous figures of the Christ and its sensuous lipped priests under blue and silver canopies. What a travesty to minds of education. They take the husks and leave the kernel of all that is fine and beautiful and all the truth and simplicity of Christianity. That procession made me think of nothing so much as a circus parade to drum up trade.

We went aboard the "Barnegat" for turkey dinner. Shades of the unexpected! The English officers were also aboard and a large party of us got quite funny before going to the local opera, which was unspeakably awful. And yet I've had to write it down a good day, a very good day, considering that I've accomplished nothing.

Monday, Pursuing this dominant passion for work March 11 I spent the morning looking up a room in town in which to work. I believe I've found one—will know to-morrow. And returning to the Camp I found more mail, a gorgeous stack of it, a dozen letters and an arm full of papers from home. It seems almost as if I might be in the States to hear from Mother and to read the Tribune. Life may be just the love for a few people who love you and the knowledge of work well done. If I can only have that work well done, with its reward, during Dad's and Mother's lives, how happy I can make them. God grant that it be true.

I am doing all my part. How I love them, they and I only know, but that's enough. So these pages will hold record of good work, well done under rather difficult circumstances, and when at the end there lies success, what a triumph inside of me I shall feel. I have substituted "when" for "if." Isn't that a good sign?

Tuesday. A very pleasant evening. Shealy and I, March 12 who seem to be clinging together now, together with Capt. Alexander and Lieut. Gracie, went aboard the big British Navy tanker as guests of the Captain and first engineer. They've got a fine new ship and an excellent chef and excellent wine. so we stayed very late listening to many yarns of the sea and telling many stories. They're bound for New York and if we could but go back as their guests! The court martial is meeting today and I feel, as before, the unjust severity of its methods. God grant that I have used my powers rightly. It is an awful feeling to condemn a fellow man to prison. I can't sit in the judgment seat. I am not perfect. Bad weather and this court duty have seriously hampered my flying. I've not been in the air for over a week. Perhaps my luck will change to-morrow.

Wednesday, The Court again this morning and anMarch 13 other poor lad under sentence. I suppose
a strict penalty for offences is necessary
for the maintenance of discipline, but I'm so very sorry
for them. Annapolis training makes these Naval officers
so very hard. It changes their point of view so radically
from ours in civilian life.

A wonderful mail has come today—a stack of letters and a great pile of papers. Mail has the curious effect

of eliminating time and space. It takes me back again to the people and the places I love and makes the separation so very much more easy to bear. I've written little lately, perhaps because we've little to write. I've had two flights today with Mims.

Thursday, High winds came today to spoil our flying, March 14 so I've loafed outrageously. For one thing, I haven't slept enough the last few nights to have the drive and fire of ambition. But I have my room now, a comfortable little place in the White Star Line offices, and there the work will be done.

Gracie (who came out for supper) and I listened to H—— orate about the beauties of the soldier's life and its ideals. He's a nice chap whom I like, but a born soldier. He believes Army life is the ultimate in goodness because "it is the direction of the lives of men and embraces the killing of men." He's pretty humorous, too, when you take into account that he's fresh from Annapolis. A chance reader would note that my opinion of Annapolis graduates for a few years after they have entered the Service has all the dizzy altitude of a cricket's ankle. (But when they learn a few things they are splendid chaps.)

Friday, A better time is in prospect. The Admiral March 15 wants to give a vaudeville show for the Portuguese Red Cross and I'm asked to run the thing. It will be great fun to get among the drops again and with the odor of grease paint.

Our first smash-up occurred when Mims wrecked a new N-9 (100 H. P.) at sea. He had a fist full of alibis and deserted the plane rather than get wet. In conse-

quence the lines were not properly made fast and tore loose. This let the machine get ashore and she quickly pounded to bits on the rocks in the sea.

Saturday. A tour of duty as Officer of the Day today, hence rather little to report. I've made a March 16 mental start on the show and am convinced I have picked out a huge task. However, everyone seems anxious to help and I'll put it over. Being O. D. I had to spend the night at the flying beach and had a very interesting talk with Makolin, an ex-Austrian army officer, now a Marine guard. He talked of the war and of the immortality of the soul (in which he does not believe), and expressed the idea that "the great masses of people live only for one purpose—to fertilize the few great ones. People are mostly useful as manure." That is a hard philosophy for you, but with the elements of truth. Why, one Shakespeare, justifies the nameless deaths of thousands of ink-stained scribblers.

I have been correct in my idea of having Sunday. March 17 found something to do. All morning I have been at work with the jugglers and boxers and after dinner spent four hours with the various applicants, listening to acts. It is early, but I think we'll make a creditable performance. Paymaster Ammon of the Galatea is to sell tickets and handle money. We've had a lot of conferences, but he seems terribly slow in getting things started. We were aboard the Galatea for dinner and I had a most pleasant evening. The ship is commanded by officers of the Revenue Service and a cleaner and more efficient lot of sailors I've never seen. They appear infinitely superior to me to the Annapolis men. Afterwards we all went to the opera and I enjoyed it, crude though it is.

Monday, The Court Martial Board has been meeting March 18 every morning and seriously hampers my theater work. My impression of the injustice of the Naval Court Martial grows. Why, we hand out sentences for a year or six months without more than just barely thinking of it. Shealy and I have been frankly scandalized and make every effort under the law to stop it. One poor chap, whose sole offense was to come aboard drunk, was sentenced to six months in the Naval penitentiary!

It may seem incredible, but I have not yet read all my papers from the last mail, nor have I written a letter. You see, things are piling up since I became George K. Belasco. But always I have time to and do think tenderly of my dear loved ones. If they can but be spared until Peace and we can be together again how tenderly I shall cherish them and how happy I shall try to make their lives. Dear, dear Mother!

Tuesday. We've got rehearsals in a high-ceilinged, March 19 barren dining-room in a restaurant, from nine in the morning to eleven at night. Great guns! If my friends in the show business at home could only see me trying to teach a cook, third class, on a submarine to be a French doll, or a mess attendant on the Tonopah to dance, they'd laugh themselves sick. Added to a mess of other things, I am "Official Liberty Fixer" and spend half my time chasing out to ships to get men off for practice. But I must confess I enjoy it. It is like old times and stimulates currents of thought long unused, and it keeps me busy. What a glorious vacation work is can't be appreciated by any but an enforced loafer, and when this is out of the way I'll really do some writing.

Wednesday, The Admiral, who is rough and human and March 20 likes to have you laugh at his jokes, was very decent to Ammon and me today. We reported progress and had a nice talk, albeit my eyes hurt from too much gold lace. We've got a jazz band in the play and need most awfully a slide trombone. It appears they are not much used in this land, but we have heard of one on the Island and are surely going to get it if it is getable.

For supper I went aboard the tanker British submarine with three Naval officers and tried some utterly deadly gin. That stuff is asphyxiating!

Thursday, I've had a funny day. In the morning March 21 Brewster and I, with two Portuguese, went after the trombone. From town to town we chased the owner, who appeared to have changed his address with every new moon. At last we caught up with him, at a town with the most absurd of names. Translated it means: "Talk about fish"! And at this place we found he'd gone to America six months before and had taken his darned old trombone with him. Twenty-one miles for a trombone.

We're getting together a Spig chorus of men to be dressed as girls, and if you don't think it's funny your sense of humor is embalmed. We're teaching these splay footed, ox-eyed, soup-bone handed sons of misery to do the lithesome Broadway darling—and laughing until our sides ache.

And I've not mentioned that we've done no flying this week. Perhaps the cause is the Equinox.

Unquestionably I have become a member Friday. March 22 of the elite-spent all morning at the Admiral's and lunched there. At table were four three-stripers, the Admiral and me-somewhat dazzled by the gold braid. The old chap is very enthusiastic over our idea of the play and if we give a good one we'll be Queen of the May. If it's rotten, we'll be lower than bilge water. The chorus is the joy of my life. I've named them Bozo, Oswald, John Barrymore, Minnie, the Ape, Vincent, and so on, and they surely are delights. A more ill assorted lot of humans couldn't be found. I'm honestly working my head off and getting back to the Camp only late at night and never in the day time. Gruenberg turns out to be a very jewel as an assistant and a very decent fellow, too. I'm tired. No more now.

Saturday, One day succeeds another so rapidly that March 23 I've almost no distinct reactions of any sort—only a mazy kaleidoscope of work progressing well and of most humorous, pleasant occupation, all mixed up with a lot of weariness.

This afternoon I made a speech to eighty of the biggest business men in the town and succeeded (by virtue of half a dozen eager translaters all talking at once) in securing the whole theater for the first night for the Americans. There has been such a rush to buy tickets that the whole place was wanted by the Portuguese share owners of the theater, so you can see I had a hard situation and I believe I got out of it pretty well. It was a lot of fun. From all appearances we'll play to crowded houses both nights and may have to play a third night.

Sunday, While I was away rehearsing (for Sunday March 24 isn't any holiday to me) the Hancock arrived. Perhaps twenty years from now

that will mean no more to me than the passing of a street car, if I am spared that long to re-read it. But now, the arrival of a ship with mail is an event, a momentous occasion, to be awaited with breathless interest. The Hancock had no letters for any of us, but it did bring me two excellent packages of books from Phyl. A few friends, a few tasks well performed, that is life and happiness, perhaps. At any rate, time and distance only make me love the more the good, dear friends of the past.

The wireless news tells of huge battles Monday. March 25 along the Western front and before me comes the picture of thousands of men who, every day, die and disappear. But, curiously, one very strong reaction to this wanton killing is one of despising. We men! We free agents! Loves and lives and hopes count for nothing, and at the culmination of certain circumstances we are thrown like sticks of wood to the flames. Rather we are like those beetles which become perfectly motionless when danger threatens. Beetles! And are we more than that? I have my petty vanities and hopes and yet ten thousand like me can die in one day and no result, no notice (except in passing) is taken.

Tuesday, No true reflection can be written here of March 26 the progress of this vaudeville show. It consists of a perplexing mass of difficulties, and over all a dull cloud of weariness. I am tired out all the time and am really working myself hard.

News comes of a great German advance and heavy losses. What difference if it is a success or failure—only so many little fluttering moths winking in the flame or out of it. What is the why of it all? We're such ter-

ribly weak, useless, vain, unintelligent creatures. We're civilized, but only in part. We're still four-fifths creatures of our emotions, largely fear, hunger, lust and one-fifth cooly reasoning humans. One-fifth or less civilized! And the pity and the comedy all lies in the fact that we're too uncivilized, unintelligent, to know we're only a small part finished. We're vain, empty, strutting peacocks, and we're all of no importance. And the real peacock is ornamental!

Wednesday, You say that was a snarling little tirade of March 27 yesterday. I do not in the least mean it that way. I honestly believe it (at this time, and I find I do not by any means think—or rather feel the same at all times, and I doubt if I really think very often and at that more often than the great majority). It would seem probable to me that I usually am influenced by my emotions, acting, as I flatter myself, through thoughts.

In the same strain, while I sit here futilely yapping like an insignificant pup howling at the moon, others like me are dying in France. Don't we confuse and color all things? Is that war anything but a blunder? Do they gain anything? Life is the only thing we know. Isn't retention of it of the first great importance?

Saturday, For a week now I've been head over heels March 30 in this play, which is shaping remarkably well. We have a great many willing volunteers with no experience and I have two great aids in Gruenberg, and an old actor (now a fireman, second class) named Norton. Between the three of us we have invented business, lines and music and have drilled these rope-pulling sailors and greasy aviation mechanics into a very fair revue. I am, however, thoroughly tired out

and utterly weary from the strain. If the play goes well (and I am confident it will) there will accrue to me very considerable credit for it, for it has been a hard job, with countless obstacles to overcome.

Our flying is almost forgotten. Inclement weather has prevented any work for two weeks. You see the wind hops over these mountains in swirls which make air work suicidal.

Early this morning the Hancock returned, Sunday. March 31 with great expectations of mail. brought to our whole Company just twelve letters. Two of her ensigns, one, Ferguson, a Yale Deke, came ashore with me tonight and we went to dinner and to the Portuguese play, which was bad, as usual. My net result of the evening was a most terrible homesickness. These officers on transport service have the easiest job of all, for they get home every month. Their gay chatter of the Ritz and Broadway, of jazz bands and American girls, made me envy them with a sinking ache that outbounds description. Home, America, the lights of New York, what wouldn't I give to be among them all again. And I am shoved off here two thousand miles away.

Monday, Having been so much about the theater I April 1 have become acquainted with many of the people of the company and tonight, with a Madeira man named Martins, who speaks English, went to dinner at about midnight with the leading lady and her nine-year-old daughter Marie, who acts and sings and is really remarkably clever. I wish I could fully portray the scene—the little cafe in this foreign land, the pleasant Martins ordering the wines under the flick-

ering light, to the tune of an immense old music box, Marie, half asleep, but trying to act the "grande dame" (and succeeding in a wholly humorous impersonation), while her fat, sensuous, uneducated mother laughed and preened herself. Competition being nothing, she evidently poses to herself as a great beauty and second Cleopatra, in which I flattered her by calling her "Madame Diabolo."

Tuesday, We are having dress rehearsals every night April 2 and I am having a beautiful time trying to lick a Spig orchestra into shape to pick up music rapidly and not stop to talk it over in the middle of a song. And worse than the orchestra are the scene shifters. They are used to having a half hour to set the stage and I am making them set three scenes in twenty-two minutes. They went wild tonight and talked strike until I told them to go ahead and that I'd put on a crew of Marines to move the stage. They then quieted down and I have called them for rehearsal tomorrow morning. just to run through the scene shifting. Complications never cease. The printer for programs never keeps his promises, actors get put in the brig, and now it appears that half of them will be ordered away on the fleet before the show!

Wednesday, The strain of working until four A. M. and April 3 then getting up for six o'clock exercises has proved too much and I have gotten permission and yesterday moved into my writing room at the White Star Line offices. Here I can sleep a bit later and haven't so far to walk to the theater. The great silent building at night or morning when I come in is conducive to sleep and to thoughts, and I do think a great

deal. Oftenest I think of the joy it is to me to again work with the footlights and borders and back drops, and to smell the grease paint. I wonder after all my devotion to bonds if the stage may not prove my real vocation. It is hard for me to think of any pleasure equal to writing and producing my own plays.

Thursday. I have been finding a minute here and there April 4 to read and it has so chanced lately that I have mentioned several times a search for beauty. It strikes me as odd—as most odd—that there is very little of free volition, so little that is original, unhampered and uninduced in our lives. So far as I know, this search for beauty, this charming hunt for an elusive perfection, is entirely original with me. I know it was a great discovery when I first thought I had found it out. But here I see that not one author but two or three have been intent on the same thing with their characters. But the fact that this land of delight is not my discovery daunts me not at all. I shall forever have my search and it will keep life ever a fresh, new, clean, vivid thing for me.

Friday, We approach our production. Tonight April 5 was the final dress rehearsal and went splendidly. If these amateurs do not succumb to stage-fright we will do most awfully well. I am property man, assist in making up, scene shifter and most important of all, a combination of stage manager and electrician. With a blue drop with a gold eagle on it, which I had painted, and certain lights, I have a really beautiful effect for Mrs. Beach, wrapped in an American flag, to sing the Star Spangled Banner. I believe few amateur service plays have ever surpassed this in its

diversity and finish. No effort has been spared to make it a professional show with all that implies. Tomorrow night tells the result, and I am dead with fatigue.

It is over and I am honestly sorry, for the Saturday. April 6 whole performance was a glorious success. At the first number, Mrs. Beach in the flag, the audience started to whistle and shout and kept it up until the last act was over. We've had a thousand sincere compliments from everyone and have the real satisfaction of knowing we have honestly done our best and that it was good. Perhaps the most honest compliment of all was that of a half dozen Marines who, when it was over, gathered at the bar to try and forget, for "it made them so damned homesick for America. It was just like a good show at Keith's." I enjoyed the whole thing, felt happy, busy, and in the work I love and am well suited to, so it's black ink on the profit side.

Sunday. I slept late and played the rest of the day. April 7 Today began late, or early. I suppose it really began for me at four, when I went to bed. At all events Gruenberg came over in the late morning and after breakfasting we took a walk, which merged into a carriage ride that led us into a pretty roadway, where we met three more Marines who piled in. and after that we (Gruenberg and I) went to dinner. As luck would have it we ran into Matt Terry and a private named Frank, who had been helping him with his moving picture developing. It was great luck to run into them and Gruenberg proved his greater usefulness by mixing some remarkable stingers. We had a half dozen each of "them things" and then went out to a little table in the dark garden and finished a real celebration.

Monday, We've given the second performance today, one which I expected to be very difficult because of the overwhelming percentage of Portuguese attending. Curiously, it has been just the reverse. We had an even more enthusiastic house than Saturday, which is saying a good deal. It has been a lot of fun to get back once again to the foot lights. There is a curious mental fragrance about the theater which is alluring and binding. I have it tucked away somewhere inside and I doubt if I shall ever get it out while life lasts.

There is a great reaction to be felt now. I have been living under a very real strain and the let-down is due. It will, of course, come and go and then I'll have a fine old time swinging back to work and writing. As it is, I'm due for sleep—two A. M. does require that.

Tuesday, I must confess to a hearty disgust with the April 9
Portuguese business mind. Pettiness, little sneaking meannesses, have always been most hateful. I can stand a real villain (if I ever met with one), but a stealing rat! We've been paying bills all day and it has been sickening to see the way these people try to steal even from their own impoverished Red Cross. Crooked, thieving rascals—we're going to publish a list of them all to see if that won't stop a repetition.

In the afternoon Gruenberg and I went to Mrs. Beach's with various properties, and with her husband had a merry little party. They appear two perfectly mated people, and we had cocktails, music and dancing. Then we talked of home, and Mrs. Beach called up Burtanoby's for a table for four. Which means we were rottenly homesick and wound up by all singing "New York Town."

Wednesday, This day has been one of unwinding. We April 10 have had many properties to settle and errands to run. One of these was to answer an order to call at the Admiral's to see Dr. Thompson (the real power here, I rather think). He made me a most unusual proposition and one which was very flattering. Briefly it was this—that they wanted an officer to devote his entire time to giving and organizing entertainments at the Base, all this being part of a program laid out by the diplomatic service at Washington, which seems to have these Islands clearly in mind. I was offered the opportunity of being detached from the Company and being attached to the Admiral's staff, which shows an appreciation for my work and was attractive. as it would give me time to write plays. I turned it down. I came in to fight, not to dodge.

Thursday, Mrs. Beach gave a party today to the Red April 11 Cross nurses (Spig debutantes) who sold programs, and a lot of officers. I went up and found the Beach's hospitality as charming as ever and included a nice talk with the Admiral. But the Portuguese are certainly impossible. I must confess to utter boredom so far as they are concerned.

Tonight I spent as Officer of the Day at the flying beach, and talked until midnight with Lieutenant Webb, commanding one of the submarines here. Do I need to add that in fancy we turned into Rectors and danced to the jazz band with girls charming, vivacious and American? We went again to Webster Hall to half nude artists' balls, we dined with celebrated men, and went to theaters which start on time and run on pep; and if he did as I did, he slept dreaming of that land of promise to the West.

Friday, The invitation to the Admiral's was renewed today and was settled on a compromise. I am to move into town for freedom and to be prime mover in entertainment, but I'm not to be detached from this Company and am to continue my duties as an aviator. This releases me from officer of the day work and leaves me free except for flying. So now, perhaps, I'll have time to write; it depends on the weather. Sharp comment from the Admiral has driven Capt. Evans to real flying and from 4:30 A. M. to dark machines have been up. A fine blue day has aided tremendously.

I'm weary today, dog tired, and feeling pretty low in mind, a concomitant of reaction after the strain of production. The pendulum swings out and back, another way of saying that you always have to pay.

Saturday, A glorious flight this morning, up in the April 13 air before the sun did more than light the sky with rosy waves behind the mountains. Below us in the half dark an incoming British submarine brightly flashed its code number that we might not destroy it. Oh, the joy of it, the exhiliration. In laughter we stood the plane first on one wing, then on the other, as the rising sun got us in its light as we went high in the air.

And at noon we got mail, and what a mail—ten weeks late, but all forgotten now. Phyl and Frank, Gene and Charlie Hayes, and always that dear family. Books and papers and love all through. It gives confidence to one's self, determination to make the life given you worthy of the high ideals which they confidently trust to you. Up, up, if life and health are granted I will achieve. I must—they believe.

Sunday, A quiet day. Slept late for I've been flying April 14 at dawn for the last two days, and have read and read all afternoon and evening.

Monday, Mail has been showered on us today and I April 15 am now fully up to March 20th, complete as far as I know. I was surprised to learn of my Uncle Will's death. The new raises odd thoughts. For one, it fulfills my year's old belief that my dear Dad, with all his illness and sad health, would outlive the stronger brothers. And how truly I thank the director that it is so. How dear he is to me, with his strength and sweetness and holy nobility. What a man!

And it sets me to reviewing the man I little knew, my father's oldest brother. He was kindly, gentle and honest, so honor the man.

Tuesday, The mail still engrosses me.

April 16 I am now arranging a boxing match between the American and British champions of the port. It is hard to find officers willing to officiate as sponsors for the fight.

Wednesday, After nearly three months here I have been April 17 turned loose in an aeroplane again today and the rest of our officers are in the same boat. At least this long wait, with an occasional flight, had the good effect of giving me surety. I know the air and my work, consequently I had an even and simple flight. Soon now we'll be getting our Naval Aviators' licenses, which will be satisfying and also will raise our pay. I am almost resigned to staying here. The long inaction, the security, the warm air and general haphazard management of this Company have all, I think, combined

to take out that exuberant enthusiasm with which I entered the War. It may be a passing mood; more likely it is true. I have wondered in these pages if my "Great Adventure" were to be a summer afternoon's day dream. Now I scarcely care.

Thursday, A search of the town has at last yielded up April 18 a room where I shall live. It is convenient to the flying beach and is new, so I shall be very well placed. Gruenberg, who is to be my orderly, is to have the next room to me and I prophecy a pleasant acquaintance.

Friday, Today we hear of the checking of GerApril 19 many's great drive—or more probably it should be stated rather as the exhaustion of that drive from the killing of German men. A pretty fancy, and yet that is my precise desire, to kill German men. Oh! well, "The sooner, the quicker." If, as it looks now, the Allies are holding the line, dropping back slowly and inflicting appalling casualties, this should mean a quicker end to the fighting which now can be but a process of reduction of the German man power. The thought of peace and home is ever present in all our hearts.

My sophomoric philosophy here will prove funny at some later reading, I am sure. These pages are full of what must be bromides to intelligence, but things which I have felt out or thought out at great labor and which have all the importance to me of great discoveries. As I have said before, they will make a mile post for retrospection.

Saturday, Good weather has hung about over us like April 20 a cloud of benign blue and we're doing a great deal of flying. I am learning things daily and hope to make good at this chosen sport. A good aviator parallels a man who lives life well. He has dash, reckless abandon, always tempered by wise control. It seems to me that life must be lived fearlessly, carelessly and greedily. Only by such living can we justify existence.

We have but the moment to live, therefore life should be eaten to its last crumb ravenously and (in a sense) gluttonously, securing from life every flavor, every atom of nourishment and pleasure which it can give. Then, too, to make life a permanently satisfying thing it must be lived generously and with the desire to give as much pleasure as possible in the living to all others who, too, are given the simultaneous moment. I have lived that way.

Sunday, Another close escape today for which I am glad, both in the closeness and in the escape April 21 to live more. A bad landing in the harbor gave me the alternative of trying another landing or trying to clear the fort at the end and circle to sea. In the second, I chose the fort and headed for it, knowing I had a bare chance with a missing motor to clear it. didn't, it would mean crashing into it at ninety miles an hour. When I realized I was started, all nervousness left me and it seemed as if I (another person) said to myself, "Well, Walt, enjoy it. It's a good sensation," and I know I smiled, for the cold air blast hurt my teeth. I record this for it is an odd experience. It did not look that I could clear the stone fort and when I approached it I am told that men on the flying beach turned away their heads. I missed it by between six and eight feet. So I'm lucky in having had one more glorious moment of living—and that's what life is for. I am glad.

Monday, Nowhere in this account have I detailed April 22 how I came to be a Marine. It is interesting and typical. When War became inevitable, I looked for some branch of the service, navy preferred, as I have always loved the sea, army least desired, for I feared the inefficiency of such a rapidly increasing body. By chance I heard of commissions in the Marines. Somewhere I'd heard the name, but I had not the slightest idea what Marines were or their duties. Buell Patterson was going after the Marines, however, so I telephoned him. The conversation follows:

"Hello, Pat, what are Marines?"

"I don't know. They do something on ships and are first to fight."

,'Sounds good to me."

"Same here."

"I'm going to try it."

"So am I. Goodbye."

And here I am. I had never seen a Marine and had no idea of their duties, but here I am.

Tuesday, As part of our athletic program I had a April 23 boxing match between the two victors of two preliminary fights tonight and it turned out to be a regular holiday. Before dinner I met our two captains, our doctor and several lieutenants, by chance. Then we piled into the Ford and came to camp for a riotous dinner—tossing meat balls the length of the table, gravy into the coffee—a perfect kid's delight in spite of the presence of three rather scandalized guests, stiff-

necked Army officers from a transport. It was such a let-down as I've not had in months, and a peach. After dinner everybody helped me to get out my speech of introduction. This flowery concoction I promptly forgot, while all my brother officers in a box cheered. I met Doug McAllister from home, a "gob" on a submarine chaser.

Wednesday, Today I have been paying the penalty for April 24 the high swing of the pendulum yesterday. I'm distinctly low. And being officer of the day I've slept and read all day. What odd things our reading does for us. Here in a foreign land, desperately anxious for war to end that I may again reach home, I can open a book and for the space I will be upon Picadilly or State Street. Here where girls are merely useless reminders of girls I have known I can again find the company of brilliant women and go with them to the story's end. It also occurs to me (for I have been reading some masters) that I am a fool to write this diary. I am a fool because it must to anyone with literary education be a mass of puerile drivel. I almost added an awful bromide.

Thursday, The deadly inaction, the utterly killing bore-dom of aviation, weighs upon me like lead. Someone wrote "The life of an aviator is one of terrible inactivity, coupled with moments of deep fear." The fear I haven't (as yet) experienced, but the loafing is killing all the finer things in me. I have always had as an outstanding feature a boundless enthusiasm, which has run with a willingness, a desire to assume responsibility and do lots of work well. Now I have no responsibility, no work to do well but a little flying.

thirty minutes flying in three days of terrible loafing on that infernal beach. I am degenerating, deteriorating to a lump of clay. The fine sparks of imagination, of flaming enthusiasm, have given way to a listless dulling loafer. I am no better than the beggar, sun-dazed victim of his hideous malady of weary, ambitionless sloth, who sits all day in the sun, content to beg coppers.

Friday, A visit to one of the new 110-foot American submarine chasers and lunch with her two April 26 young officers has strengthened my belief that in that service I could be best fitted to render services and far more happy. There, these young ensigns have responsibility and opportunity to get things done and done well, on their own initiative. They have a life and an occupation, which would be congenial beyond compare to me. They have work, things to do and to think of twenty-four hours a day. I have nothing on my head but (as the saying goes) my hat-nothing on my shoulders but an ache to bear a burden. Good God! If I had known that aviation was this, no power on earth could have dragged me into it. I am miserable because I have the power and the will to work and there is not a thing which I am allowed to do. Not a thing.

Saturday, Today I have moved into my new quarters,
April 27 a pleasant, huge windowed room at the
corner of the Plaza where the band plays on
warm moonlight nights in a doll's house of a bandstand
in the center of a tiny lake where ducks and pigeons
drink. A pleasant room, nicely furnished, and my own.
Always I have wanted bachelor's quarters, a want extending long before the war. I have wanted a place
where I could smoke my pipe and offer cigarettes to my

guests. Hospitality I have always wanted to offer; now I can and shall. It is just a little imitation of the home I hope to have when the war is over. A home it must be where generosity and high ideals of art and work mingle always with warm heart feeling—a place where laughter and discussion and song are king and prince and queen. Its door shall always be unlatched and a door familiar to the big fine minds among my contemporary men.

Sunday, It has been a pretty discouraging Sunday.

April 28 A cold drizzling rain has added its own gloom to minds already ill content. Unity seems lost and from private to captain we are unhappy and idle, disappointed and wearied of inaction and inefficiency. It becomes very plain to me that if I am to continue my work here along amusement lines that I can have no friends and command no respect. The desire to keep busy is not great enough to be willing to estrange myself. I will get out of this work and quickly.

Some new ships in with many Naval Reserve officers, all college men, provide diversion after a fashion, but only temporary. Lasting always for a background is the killing boredom of war. I am twenty-six. My life goes by, and I accomplish nothing.

Monday, Bad weather is keeping us from flying and April 29
I'm luxuriating in my new quarters out of the rain. The officers on the beach have my sympathy. Ants, lizards, huge water bugs crawl over their faces as they sleep.

Tuesday, Dr. Thompson wants another show for Saturday night and Gruenberg is to run it, so I think I'm well out of the mess. I met a lot of good boys as officers on submarine chasers and among them two Dekes, so tonight I had a party in my quarters. Some of them got pretty hilarious and we had a fine time singing and smoking. It seemed to me more like college days at home than war, but then, very little of this life is warlike except the uselessness and separation of it.

Plays keep going through my head and I do not want to write just now. I am too happy playing host. Why is it that every man who has ever seriously taken up writing feels like a thief when he keeps away from his desk? Ambition is a slave driver.

Wednesday, One more month gone by and another \$125
May 1 sent home, over \$500 since I arrived here
January 21st, so I am really saving. It is a
valuable habit, but a difficult one for me. Perhaps the
reason is that life has always held for me so many pleasant prospects, so many alluring avenues down which I
want to romp, but there's always a charge at the gate.

No flying weather yet, so I loaf and pose at bachelor liberties with charming unconcern. War is forgotten, and the titanic struggle now going on between those races which are pouring out blood as it never flowed in the darkest hours of civilization when (as we thought) human life was at its cheapest. If its value could be rated we would find it quoted at its lowest now, and a panic imminent among the brokers. I wonder if the bulls (of course the Germans) aren't near panic.

Thursday, This universe is rather neatly constructed in May 2 all ways and especially in its bookkeeping. With a very great deal of accuracy the figures are kept in black and red ink and "you always foot

the bill." There is no grace allowed, and credit is just short time and foreclosure prompt. How would you like to have to settle for the staggering figures on the red ink side which are counted against those men who, by their attempt to turn backwards the hands of the clock of civilization, have set sorrow on the world. And yet I cannot believe that to the All-seeing Eye they are culpable. To me they are utterly hideous creatures, but to those who know they must be excusable and in their own lives they will expiate their deeds. After death the book balances, I believe. Debts are paid, a new life starts, but oh! what a penalty will be theirs in life.

Friday, This is a feast day in a double way. First, May 3 far most important, we have had our mail, a very good one too. I believe we're all kids when it comes to mail. We go along, starving for news for weeks, and then suddenly are glutted with it, like a boy and his Thanksgiving dinner of a thousand anticipations. The difference is that our feast leaves us with a heartache, not a stomach ache.

The other feast day starts tomorrow and already this evening the peasants have come down from the hills, whole families, and camped with blankets and baskets in the Square, under my window, making sleep impossible.

Saturday, The Square before my window has been reMay 4 arranged as if by fairy touch. Two more
band stands have been erected, arches of
white have been hung over all the streets, with the little
pendant Japanese lanterns which hang in rows over the
whole Square, also dropping like bright beads from the
arches. The Church has been hung against its white
walls with red and gold cloth and literally hundreds of

little glass lanterns with a candle in each have been fastened to these walls. Tonight the scene was indescribably lovely, the warm air gently rustling the leaves overhead, the thousands of soft lights swaying, the passionate waltzes, with the music floating out over the heads of the quiet, ox-like peasants, and at the stroke of midnight the three bands played, almost drowned out by the ringing of Church bells on two sides of the square and a thousand fireworks were set off. From the Plaza into Paradise!

Sunday, All day crowds have littered the place and May 5 in the afternoon a procession left the Convent chapel with numbers of brightly clad marchers and half a dozen bands, paraded around the Square and through the town and then back to the Church. The place was literally black with people and the streets were lined. This festival is particularly a holiday of the peasant class and whole families of them had come from far corners of the Island, walking twenty or thirty miles, for it.

And I want to record one clear impression of surprise. Last night's show was the closest parallel to an American circus night, but what a difference! There the crowds would have been rioting, boisterous, exuberant. Here they were almost absolutely silent, staring in quiet, ox-eyed enjoyment. Think what ages of repression and tyranny that speaks for these peasants.

Monday, I've got the good news to enter that Mims May 6 has today received cable orders to report at Washington. With him goes Brewster, for which I am heartily sorry. And how I would like to go!

A grand new means of locomotion! I made Tuesday. May 7 a dive in the submarine K-2 as a guest of her Captain and under particularly fortunate circumstances. He was taking down a press representative on a "stunt" dive. The complex mass of machinery in this white painted subway car was most amazing. With complete silence we knew the electric motors were driving us onward. From the Captain "Course 180, trim middle main ballast tank, dive five degrees ahead, one-half power, blow after trim tank, steady," and a look at the depth and we were 80 feet below the Atlantic. No sensation accompanied it. One might have been in a room. The air was most unpleasant from the battery fumes, but that was all. Only the lowvoiced commands, the quick repetition by the men, the whirring of wheels and valves. It was only when I looked from the conning tower posts and eighty feet down saw in distinct green light the flag flapping in the water as if in the air, that I realized I was among the fish.

Wednesday, We have held our last Court Martial May 8 and dissolved. It has been for me a most enlightening experience. I have acquired a respect for law and order and a fear of Naval discipline which few new officers have had the luck to learn. The reactions have been many, as I have noted, and I have seen the injustice but the necessity of extra hard punishment for the example. All told, it has been well worth the labor.

Little else to say for the day's activities. We are full of speculation as to our future since Mexico's declaration of war. That is the place for Marines. It would indeed be an irony if we should be dragged back there.

Also, I want to record Pete's letter. "Hello, Walt. Thank God I've been drafted and accepted." He tried five times and was refused. What a spirit! If his letter could be published it would make every slacker in America crawl on his belly like a worm.

Thursday, I refuse to worry any more at inaction. May 9 Conscientiously, I am going about the business of loafing here with a smile and a fixed purpose of making the best of things. This does not imply that I am broken in spirit—that my rebellion is at an end. On the contrary, my spirit is stronger and I am putting into writing and flying the strength I have been wasting on irritation. Smile, don't give a hang. The sun's in the heavens, work is to be done, all of life invites like a mysterious garden glimpsed through a gate half open, from which come the laughter of women and the sound of music. Life-what it all means of dash and freedom, of drive and laughter and work, of final glorious achievement with that grown commonplace and greater, finer things ahead-you're mine, life, and I WILL live you, eat you, enjoy you.

Friday, Reports pile down upon us of an expected May 10 German attack and something is surely up.

All lights in the harbor are out, submarines are all at sea, we have doubled our scouting machines and are hard at it at bombing work. I am anxious for a crack at them and I am glad to find it so. In strictest truth, for I try to be utterly truthful in what I write here, I am confident that I could go into the most dangerous action with a singing heart. I am wild for the chance.

Last night and this morning I had two splendid scouting flights. I doubt if the joy of sunset and sunrise from an aeroplane high above the sea will ever cease to be a source of great pleasure.

Also, the beginnings of a play or a story or something are seething.

At last a day has been justified. I went to Saturday. it and never left my table until I had fin-May 11 ished a six thousand word story and a pretty fair one. The art of story writing is new to me and hence both difficult and fascinating. I'll do better later on, but I think this one, a tale of a seaplane, a tanker and a submarine, has at least a commercial value. At all events, good or bad, it is work done. There's a thrill, a real thrill, in feeling that I've made some effort to harness imagination and dreams and achievement. So tonight I can turn in with a clear conscience and it's the first time in a long, long while. I may have mentioned it before, but it will bear repetition. The writing thing, once it is seriously taken as an art, is a fearful slave driver. One always feels a slacker when away from his desk.

Sunday, Perhaps this war is doing more settling, reMay 12 fining and broadening to me than I had
realized. At any rate, I am progressing
somehow, for I re-read a couple of my old plays today.
They're far more thin and unbalanced, far more faulty,
young, amateurish than I'd dreamed were possible. Instead of feeling hurt by that discovery I am tremendously
pleased. If I can see past flaws I must be improving
and as I improve I will be capable of better work. The
time for bitterness will come with satisfaction. When I

can no longer see faults I will be following the trail still, but down-hill.

So I've formulated the idea of the result of this hideous war on an American family told in comedy. There's good ground there and novelty.

We're still expecting an attack. I hope we get it!

Monday, Four days ago I exulted in being through with General Courts Martial. Today I find I am on a new one and as judge advocate.

That means I've all the work and worry—a dozen, a hundred times more than before. And yet I'm mostly glad. It will keep me busy and will be interesting in the main. So all day I've been reading, studying and chasing witnesses, and I'm tired—a healthy condition.

Emerson and I are becoming fast friends. His essays, long overlooked, fill me with dreams and speculations—the slow tinder of my brain inflamed by the divine fire that lights his. Beauty and the search of it, the all-pervading, all-enduring pursuit of that elusive will-o'-thewisp is known so well to him. In some blind way I stumbled into that perfumed path where the goddess had passed by and I shall never lose it, now.

Tuesday, The first trial came today, an over liberty case. Conviction and a penitentiary sentence were secured in thirty minutes. Again,

I disapprove of Naval procedures of justice. As judge advocate, I tried to introduce evidence after a plea of guilty for the purpose of giving the court fuller information on which to base a sentence. The court, however, overruled me and decreed that no more evidence (or really that no evidence) should be introduced and gave a verdict and sentence without any knowledge of attending circumstances except the accused's admission of guilt.

From my Dad, I've inherited a very high sense of justice. All my life I've been able to see both sides impartially and I know that this method of dealing out sentence is unfair. I've made a fight on it and I shall keep up the fighting until I win out.

Wednesday, Captain Brewster dropped in last night and May 15 in the course of conversation said he was going to ask headquarters to order me back to join his new outfit in the States, the one he is being ordered back to form. Now that's a brighter prospect and I hope it comes true. Even if it does not, I shall be better fixed here, for our original lot of junior officers will pull together more easily with no one about but Captain Evans. I feel that now the most unpleasant part of my commissioned life is over. Soon I'll be up in grade and since I'm flying alone I've gotten a lot more freedom of life. But it would be great to get back for a while.

In some way, I've become a lot interested in the matter of dignity. I hope I have it, but wonder if this boiling over of enthusiasms of which I am constantly guilty doesn't overthrow it. I hope not, for I suppose I'll always be a geyser of youth, shooting up hot water—or (perish the thought) "hot air."

Thursday, This island is the open door to undeveloped May 16
riches. In a talk with a local banker I have learned things which set my imagination throbbing. Here is a fertile soil under amazingly complete cultivation, a people who are frugal, thrifty, excellent laborers and craftsmen and cheap labor; here is the best and cheapest transportation in existence—water. And here is found most excellent silica sand for glass work, fibrous plants for paper in profusion, tobacco and

sugar grow well. All the power necessary can be produced from water falls. The instability of the monarchal government and the ignorance of the people have mitigated against large banks—in other words, capital for development. Money and brains under the new republican government should make this an El Dorado. The schools are now compulsory, poor are fed, roads are made, banks are growing, all under the democracy which alone would make me know we fight the fight for right-eousness.

What an odd patchwork of contrasting col-Friday, ors life is-a living crazy-quilt. Tonight May 17 Shealy and I sat after supper in the little park before my windows in the flaming sunset. We sat there just down from a hundred miles in the air, perhaps two birds, and before us crawled the worm. A poor, twisted, grizzled wreck of a man. On hands and knees he came, his useless, withered legs and bare feet writhing behind him. Great God, how can it be that you allow one of your creatures to follow the road of life thus, with his nose never eighteen inches from the ground? How can the wheel have turned that his lot has been cast to follow down his path of dreams and glory and romance upon his belly?

I laugh and look and play and go through life head up upon straight legs and this effigy of divine humor, this caricature of a man has the same spark of life which has been given me. The unfairness, the difference, oh why! Why! And still he smiles.

Saturday, For some unknown reason a cable from Washington came today, revoking Capt. Brewsters' orders taking him back to the

States. It is a pretty hard blow to him, I know, for he was planning to have been married while there. She's a pretty, attractive, lively one from her pictures and I am half in love with her myself.

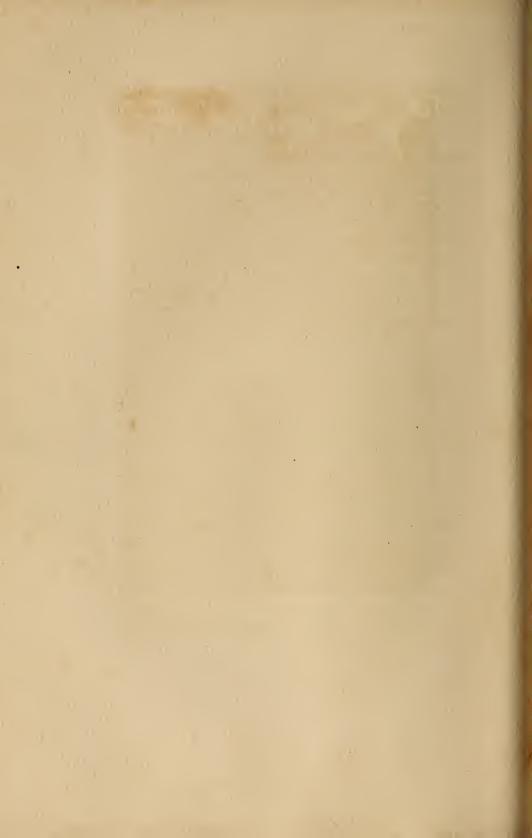
This also has a distinct bearing on my chances. It completely knocks in the head my plans for getting back. It foretells important changes, too. The Corps, we are now informed, is authorized to be increased from 30,000 to 75,000 men. New aviation companies will be formed; I will be a Captain; we are now half way, and more, to France. Oh, it's an inscrutable tangle, but somewhere there's a solution and a step forward and upward. You who may read this and I who write it are but futile little things moved hither and away by chance—if you like the names.

Sunday, Capt. — dropped in on me this after-May 19 noon, a dark, foreboding one, with the suggestion of a horseback ride. He is a good enough chap, but an empty bore. I found him at his best among the society at Philadelphia, when in my customary enthusiasm I wrote so fine impressions of him.

However, he was less boredom than continuing the dreary afternoon in my room, so we rode in the rain, through quaint seashore roads with overhanging cliffs and houses until we finally came to Paradise Garden. It's an illuminating sidelight on him that he didn't feel the joy of poaching, the schoolboy thrill of stolen fruit which makes it taste all the sweeter to me, the romance of a climb over the wall and a drop into that fairy garden. I had to urge and tease him. Finally my stronger will prevailed and we found delicious red oranges.



PARADISE GARDEN



Monday. Being officer of the day now has the advan-May 20 tage of a hop at sundown and sunrise. Oh, glorious beauty, freedom. My observer and I made a hundred-mile flight tonight, going forty miles to sea. The unspeakable beauty of it! We flew there, half way between the clouds charging up out of the sunset and the sea. Up they came from the orange orb on the Western horizon, the "cavalry of the sky," purple and orange and rose in a haze of pink, the sea dark blue below us, far to the North the upstanding peaks of this Island, with clouds of white and purple and black in level strata around the mountain tops. Up there, washed clear of all the earth and free from all pettiness of man, we seemed gods resting in our chariot with beauty, beauty filling our souls.

Tuesday Another wonderful flight this morning at May 21 sunrise. I said good-night to the sun and welcomed it this morning. Oh, surely God is good to have created all of this and the fates of chance are kindly to have let me see and revel in it.

This afternoon I went out for altitude and climbed so high into the sky that below me this Island, 50 by 8 miles, was spread out a map of green and blue and brown, with blue sea all about it. From there it seemed a ridiculous little thing for man to live upon and fortify—an impudent little thing to stick its head up above all this expanse of water. I got a little dizzy on my turns from the height, the motor roared and the wind tugged at me, and then the long velvet silences of my spirals down from that cold air to the warm surface breezes until my pontoons lit and I was home.

Wednesday, Another story is rattling in my empty head May 22 and perhaps I can shake it out—"The War Worker"—all about a little New York "chippie," if you know what I mean, who finally found out that there really is a war going on for some reason or another.

I think this story writing is going to be good for me. I have a decided faculty for some sorts of writing—character delineation, for example—but I have always been a weak sister on plots. This is going to put the weaving of plots in my cranium. I suppose that includes, too, a full understanding of and appreciation for the contrasts and colors of this life we are led by. Bad grammar there, but a true idea. We don't lead our lives. Life leads us (or drags us) like a reluctant poodle puppy at the end of his mistress' string.

Having been provided with a day of rising Thursday. wind and nice rough sea, Capt. Evans de-May 23 cided he'd put me through my first test for Naval aviator's wings. This consisted of landing in a rough sea and getting away again. In going out, blinded by the spray of the machine, I piled into one of the dozens of small buoys which decorate this harbor and ripped the bottom off one of the pontoons. As I had nearly flying speed then, I didn't know it and got into the air, circled over the harbor, spiralled for a landing outside in the sea-made a good one, too-and then the pontoon filled with water. I had a great time getting off and pounded along. Finally I did make it and still had about half a barrel of water in the heel of the float. When I tipped over above the beach to make my glide down, all this water fell on the Captain. He had a good shower, but passed my landings all right.

Saturday, A cloud is a beautiful thing to watch on a May 25 Summer day when you're flat on your back on a lawn, but it's no matter of jubilation when it gets friendly and descends to the sea in a twenty-five mile square mass of dark and wet and impenetrableness. Ask me; I know.

On a sunset flight tonight I got about as beautifully lost as a man could—twenty-five miles to sea, no compass, getting dark—oh, it was a novel sensation. Everywhere was mist, heavy and baffling. Even at a very low altitude the water was all but invisible and the damp, heavy darkness seemed to sap your courage. I do hasten to add that while I wasn't cheerful, still I wasn't scared.

At last a friendly peak came above the low clouds and showed me I was forty miles wrong. When I did get back it was quite dark and I sang as I took off my flying clothes.

Being bored to extinction I slept most of Sunday, the day and at a late hour of the afternoon May 26 went walking with Shealy. A heavy rain had cleared the sky and imparted to the mountains a fresh greenness which even this land of color had never equalled. Perhaps it was the green of Agua de Pau, at any rate we indulged in the luxury of a motor car drive which showed us beauty I shan't soon forget. We went up over the mountains through passes where the most exquisite views were obtainable until suddenly we rounded a turn and the sea and the low coast of the North side of the Island lav before us. Then we came down to the sea and rode West along it into the gorgeous setting sun, crimson and rose as it dropped into myriad colored clouds behind bold headlands. Oh, it was beautiful.

Monday, This afternoon while sealing up my first short story, which I have named "Fritz Keeps a Date," I heard the siren howling.

This is the signal of trouble and I piled out of my quarters blowing full speed for our flying beach. Spigs were running all about me, in the other direction, and great clouds of smoke were boiling into the sky. As I rounded the turn of buildings I could see a huge blaze of flame among the shipping on the far side of the harbor where a lot of new submarine chasers were moored. I had sense enough to take charge of our chemical cart and got a motor truck to pull it. As a result we were there long before any other outfit showed up. Then I organized a patrol to keep people away after the fire was out. Luckily small damage was done. Gasoline on the water caused the flare-up. A small thing? Yes, but it's an event here, a break in the monotony of life.

Tuesday, My first short story is going back tonight.

May 28 With continued ambition it will be the first only of a long series. I will work, you see.

Man's a pretty habitual sort of creature and very tenacious, so be it habit or tenacity I cannot leave my writing—even though I have an unthinkable lot of growing to do and of writing to learn before I can be any good.

As I stay here now, in my comfortable room, my duty only to make real flights, I find I am more content. Perhaps the high fire of discontent is permanently gone. I hope not. The man who is contented is a man without imagination, vitality or will. The great things are done by the men of discontent. The future belongs to the man who is discontented with the present and anxious to work out from under that discontent, so never let me become placid.

Wednesday, I have just had delivered to me the most May 29 serious case for court martial of any in my experience. An ensign was sent to head-quarters on duty to secure the secret signal code and patrol recognition signals of the whole Allied nations and merchant marine—the entire business. After getting them and before returning to the ship he got roaring drunk and lost them—a most serious offense. Luckily they were found, or it would have meant changing the signal codes of the whole world, and in the interim very bad business might have resulted.

It is only a further proof of the tremendous harm done by liquor. I love some music, dancing, cocktails—no one any better. Good Lord, I crave it all here. But I have seen so much of the other side. Why in over five months of court martial work I only remember one case not caused by liquor and he fell asleep on watch. It makes a strong plea for prohibition.

Thursday, —— sailed today and by a curious chance May 30 I was detailed to guard his ship. Well, I don't wish him to be sunk at that, but I am desperately glad he's gone. The air is purer and better for it.

The flight was an interesting one, my longest. I was up for two hours and went a very long way to sea. Far below the big ship looked like a row boat, almost impossible to believe it was a large steamer. So I circled and patrolled until my gasoline got dangerously low, then I spiralled down to them, waved them good-by and came homeward. And they plowed westward—toward all that I love.

Friday, The "Hancock" rolled in today going west May 31 from France quite heavily loaded. There is great mystery about her cargo and her officers say nothing, but the belief here is that she is loaded with corpses of Americans.

What a sad shipload she must be! In themselves those poor battered shells amount to nothing; to the life that was in them it is a liberation, a glorious step upward; but to those who are left behind—! Oh, God pity them. The hopes, the love, the dreams that have gone now that only these dead bodies are left! What a black cloud of sorrow, of loneliness and of despair that shipload will cause.

The great German drive is on in full swing. The greatest days of the war are here. Surely these weeks will tell the story of failure or success. Now the real life blood of the nations is being outpoured. It is the crisis.

Saturday, A long day of court-martial trial has sickJune 1 ened me with the working of the human
mind; and I don't mean with the mind of a
criminal or moron, but with the minds of the very decent
kindly officers who sit upon the board, with the minds
of the best of humanity.

Why must the world be a place of suffering and travail because our minds work in such narrow ruts! Why can't we have breadth, the real wideness of vision to forgive even things we cannot understand! Why is tolerance such a rare quality! Many of my hurts in life and very many misunderstandings have been due to the fact that I have so much tolerance and (I will add to it for I think it true) so little jealousy. I thank the creating powers who endowed me with it, that there is no

pettiness or cruelty or sly meanness in me. And the prevalence of it in others is at times pretty fairly discouraging.

Shealy, Terry and I determined today to Sunday. June 2 make the trip to Furnas, the local hot springs of which the Island people boast. We hired a machine and set out. By the reports, I was prepared for a wonderful region of springs and geysers but not much else. But reports-! The springs are nothing, little two-for-a-nickel squirts of sulphuric steam, but the views on the way are astounding. I have grown well familiar with the country as seen from the air, but I was utterly unready for its splendor from the land. The road, white, stone and good, follows the seacoast for twenty miles, at times close to the water, at others along the edges of precipitous cliffs with the sea two thousand feet below. Far off in the distances, bold headland, tiny villages, stately mountains and the blue sea fill the eye. It is most certainly a lovely ride.

Monday, I am afraid the pages of this book for the June 3 past few months have been growing more and more devoid of real thought, original opinion. The fact of the case is that for a considerable period I have been merely existing. I have not been growing in any sense of the word. I have not been adding new material to my life by virtue of experience or contact with stimulating minds. Out of justice to myself I must write that I have tried, tried hard, to grow, to develop, to make these days show a marked improvement. It is an unspeakable waste to throw away these most valuable years and I try to work to keep bettering myself, but it seems impossible. I need the stimulation of others,

I need, utterly, life itself, and here I have been a fly in a sterile glass jar, buzzing vainly.

After a great many promises Capt. Evans Tuesday. Tune 4 has at last decided to qualify us as "Naval Aviators." It's rather funny that after making for months flights alone of one hundred miles or more to sea in all sorts of weather and having to do circus stunts and land in this tiny harbor, we were not qualified for our N. A.'s. It's not his fault, however, but just red tape. So today we made our last test, 3000 feet altitude, spiral down and land within 150 feet of a It's a whole lot harder to do than one would think. The judgment of distance is necessarily a fine one. Why, at 3000 feet a target 10 feet square is hardly visible. I had and have had all along a good deal of confidence in my ability to fly a machine and I thought I could make it. I did on the first trial, being the only one of the lot to do so, hence the boyish bragging. Some, Hill for instance, have missed it by half a mile on several trials

Wednesday, Somehow or other the thought of what we June 5 may all be about in this war is becoming clarified. Every time the world has attempted a civilization before, it has failed and left a pile of ruins—Greece, Egypt, India, Rome. We have attempted a civilization this time on a grander scale and, in some ways, a surer footing than the world has yet seen. Great forces are at work for universal education. Machinery and power have offered (and partly have settled) the solution of labor. Within sight is a place where there will be work enough for all and food enough for everyone, with leisure for everyone too (witness the

eight-hour law). Education has given the idea of democracy to hundreds of millions. The millenium may be in sight and against this are arrayed clearly the forces of retrogression, the Attilas, the Vandals. It seems to me that the greatest of all civilizations, by far the most promising is being tested. It must survive. Death (for me) is a little price to pay.

Thursday, The promise of the future seems to me June 6 very clear. There is a complete victory for the Allies before us. By that I don't mean devastation of Germany nor do I mean necessarily the seizure by the Allies of land now held by Germany. Under the peace to come, a people will be as happy under the guidance of Germany as under America or France. To fidget over those terms is to return to the petty jealousies of the barbaric past we are leaving when nations armed and lied and stole.

It seems to me we must go farther. We will win in our peace terms the big things—the principles of democracy and world disarmament. These are the factors which will settle all else. And isn't it a curious thing that in this war we are fighting Germans really for their own ultimate good! Like the tenement baby, they howl when the world washes their face.

Friday, And resuming my train of thought, there June 7 is in this situation the fairest hope for women. The place and character of women are an impenetrable maze to me. I do not believe I really understand their wills or their beliefs at all clearly. I am thoroughly convinced, however, that as a result of this war (which is as surely a war for liberation of women as it can be for anything) we will find the final

decision as to whether or not man shall achieve his dream of civilization to rest in the hands of women. In other words, they are either going to help so tremendously that it will be equally woman's civilization; they are going to put sex aside, or they are going to wreck the dream. Without women, men are generous, brotherly, kind. Introduce the feminine and at once the beast comes out; we hate and kill.

Sunday. With an amazing jerk I realize today that Tune 9 in two months I'll be twenty-seven years old. From the point of years when I may look back upon these pages that may seem very young. It seems not old now, but a definite cross road, a marking place. Twenty-seven was the age when I would have had five years of business. I had set myself to have made twenty thousand dollars, to have carved a name for myself in the literature of the theater and to have gotten married. Now! Now I have had to give up everything. I left a business where the money was almost certain, either with our bank or with some other; I had to drop the theatre just when my first play was produced: and I am completely fancy free. Well, it doesn't spell defeat, just disappointment. The victory shall come later, with Peace.

Monday, This is your birthday, dear Mother. All June 10 day you have been vividly and continually in my mind. The beauty of your nature and the quiet disappointments of your life, the goodness of you and the sweetness, have always been known to me. But this separation of war has crystallized them. I know you, understand you so thoroughly, and how deeply I love you. It sort of aches all through me.

Old memories have been placing themselves before my mind—our walks in the Virginia woods, the day I left you in the car at the station when I first reported for duty, you on the grass beside me at Washington, the Winter snowstorm on Christmas Eve when we got the new car—way back to the afternoon when a little goldenhaired boy I sat on your lap and we both cried as you cut off my baby curls. I love you so much. If I am spared to come back to you I shall even more devote my life to making you happy.

Tuesday, The huge battle rages on in France. At a fearful cost the Huns are pouring out men June 11 in a vain attempt to force a decisive battle and are failing. They cannot win and this is their last attempt, the last powerful clutch of a drowning man as the waters close over his head. If, as we are told, the Allies have used no reserves, then the Hun is indeed doomed. The two regiments of Marines have lived up to the best of our traditions. Six thousand Marines officially are credited with taking 6 miles by 2½ of trenches from thirty thousand Germans and another thirty thousand Huns were called to stop them. It is as I expected. We have the finest body of fighting men in the world. The casualties were heavy. Every officer in one company was killed and the men were led on to further victories by a corporal. Brave men. I think of all my friends, brown, white teeth flashing through the dust at Ouantico. They died well.

Wednesday, I had a sunrise flight this morning which June 12 was interesting. We had a bad southeast gale for three days which moderated about 4:00 A. M. so that a flight could be made again. I made

it. After the sea in the harbor had thrown me into the air three times before I had flying speed, I got off. Then as I went to sea the wind picked up to its former strength. The sea was white below me and I fought hard for an hour and twenty minutes to keep the plane right side up. To make it better I went thirty-five miles to sea in a heavy fog and when I at last got back had the devil's own time with the bumps and swirls from these mountains. You'd be thrown up or drop down a hundred feet at a gust. The landing was lively, too. I had to come down into the stiller water of the harbor between two ships and drifted with the wind until I barely missed one of them.

The days have so very little to mark one Thursday. June 13 from the other that when I let two or three go by without recording them they slip out of my mind as absolute blanks. This day is no exception. I might enter here, however, that the life is now more agreeable to me. I am free more of the time and do not have to put in all my hours at the beach. I loathe that place—dirty, idle, noisy. When I am not flying I want to get away from it and up to my room, which is neat and cool. It's a life saver and no mistake. I can't quite analyze my hatred of the beach. I'd like to, and I have often flattered myself on my powers of introspection. It may be the idleness of it and the impossibility of getting any work done. I frankly don't know, but I hate the place, and as for living there!

Friday, I've drifted into playing chess and like it hugely. I'd always supposed that it was an old man's game. Wrong! Far from it. It keeps the mind involved and passes the time marvel-

ously. How silly it is that I should be trying to pass the time. I have so much to accomplish in life that I should be busy every minute. That is where inertia gets in its deadly work—or call it by its commoner name—plain laziness. I make all sorts of resolutions and break them at the first obstacle, and that's a fine sort of habit to form. Yet even at that I'm a lot more industrious than the other officers here, which doesn't mean much. I am flat and stale for new impressions, new faces. Lord, but I'm sick of this place.

Saturday, As this sedentary life has been telling on June 15 me (I've been growing soft), I went out for exercise with Brewster and Terry to-day and believe me I got it and then some. It was hot and dusty, and Brewster, who is in wonderful condition, led us out on a "walk." Walk? We ran three miles out of four, all uphill, to the next town, rested for a few minutes and then ran all the way back. I was completed done up, ached all over, could hardly breathe—oh! a fine sight. If it doesn't kill me I'll get in trim now. And I rather imagine that if a lot of Huns with fixed bayonets were chasing me I'd run even better. I'm too tired to write more or better.

Sunday, This has been a beautiful blue Summer day, June 16 cool and fragrant. I dressed in clean khaki and sat out on the Plaza before my windows listening to the band. The people crowded the square, old and young, all dressed in their best, with a sprinkling of sailors and American officers in "whites"—all very pretty, and for a time made one forget the provincialism of Ponta del Gada. And it seems so infinitely remote from War, as of course it is.

Bands play, children laugh and shout, we fly for a hundred miles or so and that is all. And in France the men I bunked beside at Quantico are having a crack at the Huns. I came in for action. If I don't get it I will know all my life that I have been cheated.

As a town this place is one huge kennel Tuesday. June 18 of curs. They're a particularly roistering lot, too, who stay out all night, raising the devil. One pup with yellow patches on a white ground has an especially enthusiastic bark which he looses at most awful hours. I've been watching for him and the other night heard him at two o'clock down the street. I. a pretty picture, with the wind flapping my pajamas about bare legs, leaned out and barked at him. He with his pack responded joyously and when he came alongside I shot at him with my pistol—a terrible noise, but missed him. A Spig policeman who had been sleeping in the shadow below my window let out a howl of fright and reported it, so I had the pleasure of interviewing the chief of police and the mayor. Being arrested like this is a new sensation, for it consisted entirely of paying a pleasant afternoon call, with cigarettes and liquor served —a very happy experience indeed.

Wednesday, Real excitement today. A plane was reJune 19 ported fallen eight miles away. I went
with Capt. Brewster and the doctor in our
fast cruiser and found it was poor old Rollie Harger.
He had fallen 150 feet and completely smashed the machine, but aside from being bruised was unhurt—a most
remarkable escape. To salvage the engine a line had to
be gotten fast to the propeller hub. As no one else
seemed to want to do it, I dove overboard and had to

make two trips down. I suppose it was twenty-five feet or so. At any rate, the pressure was so great that it made me bleed from my mouth and nose, and on the first trip I got tangled up with broken and sharp wires and exposed nails and got eleven cuts on me. Quite a gory spectacle. But we towed the machine to the beach, where the engine and instruments can be salvaged.

Thursday, Today is a sort of an anniversary, for as I June 20 make it, it is one year today since I left home for war. One year ago this morning I kissed Mother good-by at the elevated station (I wouldn't let her come to the train). How brave she was and how her dear face is printed on my heart. With her was Catherine—dear little sis, she cried a bit. And before that I had been to say good-by to Dad.

I shan't ever forget that. He was as sterling as I'd always known he'd be. He said, "Well, son, you're going to war now. Be true. Don't ever do anything to disgrace the name." And then a couple of big tears rolled down his cheeks. I went away as fast as I could, for I couldn't see very well, and as I went through the bank to the door there wasn't a person but was wet-eyed. They knew what it meant to him and they all love him so greatly. George Kemp met me at the door crying like a baby and said, "We'll look after him, Walter. We'll look after him."

Friday, I confidently expect some news of change June 21 for part or all of this company soon.

There's good reason for that because the last two weeks (since —— arrived at Washington to report) we have had a number of cablegrams which culminated today in orders being received taking five of

our men (among them Rollie Harger) back by the first ship to officers' school. This, it appears, is a special school and means they will be hurried through for duty (probably) with —— Company. All of which has no real business being entered in this didactic volume of mushroom philosophy. It is important to me for I want to be on the move, but that's all. Why I am so sick of this place, I don't know. The climate, my food, quarters, leisure, work, all are satisfactory. But I want to go—anywhere.

Saturday, At last I've steadied down to writing plays.

June 22 For a very long while I've been anxious to do over "Who's Looney Now?" into an intimate type of musical thing. For five months I've fought unsuccessfully to get a copy of the final version from Shubert. I'm going ahead without it and have been hard at it whipping the story into shape for a week.

As I look at the old version now I marvel that anyone (let alone Shubert) could have bought it. The construction, suspense, love interest, are all impossible. I have to revamp the whole thing, even changing the story all about (last act first, etc.) and changing most of the characters. But I believe for all this mass of jumbled ends a tight little play will emerge. At any rate, like the lovesick maid who wanted to look like Maxine Elliott, "I'm a-tryin'."

Sunday, These Sundays are rotten days to pass June 23 when officer of the day and therefore tied down to the beach. This one I've passed by reading "The Amateur Gentleman" and playing chess. This "Amateur Gentleman" has been an eye-opener for me. Not more than a year or so ago, I would have read

this book with great delight and respected it. Today, I read it with delight—because I laughed at it. It's an eye-opener because it teaches me that my faculties of critical discernment are developing. Where once I would have been charmed, now I see a faulty theme, hasty and careless work, cheapness and shallowness.

Oh, I'm growing up, all right. This enforced period of marking time may prove all the more valuable in a few years when work piles back on me again.

Monday, A useful day! I have spent all of it, nearly June 24 nine hours at a stretch, at my desk and in consequence have written the first draft of the first act of a musical farce. The groundwork is my old play done a year ago, "Who's Looney Now?" but what a huge amount of work it was to make that over into a "well-made" play, I had not imagined. I have turned it all over, putting ending first, new characters (like remodeling a dress, I suppose) and have done a whole new first act.

My feeling tonight is that I have a sound, interesting piece started and one with excellent chances of success. But (luckily) I am always enthusiastic—it keeps me trying and pads the bumps when I fail. At all events, I have worked, and that is something.

Tuesday, With a good deal of eagerness I've put in all day at the desk again and as a result have the second act to show for it. The play feels like it was shaping up well.

I have often complained about being here in a safe, forgotten corner of the world. As a matter of fact, I suppose I'm really lucky. In no other branch of "active" service could I be free from routine or work as I am at

this writing. All the leisure I want is mine. The place is clean, quiet and supplied with many luxuries. But I didn't enlist for luxuries. I am missing the big moments of combat—I'll feel cheated if this is all the war I encounter. Still, isn't the preservation of life (honor of course being held high) the big thing? Is it? I don't know.

Wednesday, I had a very foolish and needless "run in"

June 26 with —— today due to his refusing me a
man to perform a necessary service of perhap's a minute's duration—with his consequent disobedience of my order and a talk later with Capt. Evans in
which, in a weak-kneed way he backed —— up. I don't
want to dwell at length on such a petty irritation here.
It is unworthy of remark. —— is a swarthy and insolent
German who ought never to be in our service.

The Italians are doing the unexpected with Austria. At this writing things look bright. I have been in the Corps a year and three days. A valuable year gone. I would be very happy if I could be sure that another year would see me out of the Service.

Thursday, Another good day of work—8 A. M. to June 27 4:30, and I've finished the play. Now remains a general tying up of loose ends, a dozen or so lyrics, typewriting, and it goes West. I feel quite well pleased with it so far—the satisfaction of a workmanlike job.

As I sat in the park after dinner and listened to the band music—the original creation of some other man—there came over me a warm glow of pleasure at the realization of my own creative work. Good or mediocre, it is created. From intangible, elusive ideas I (or any one)

can weave a story, people, incidents, and can compel laughter or tears from thousands whom I shall never see. It is a very big thing and to me very satisfying. There is a pleasurable sensation of justification for life.

Saturday, It's been a rather tedious and wholly idle June 29 day. Officer of the day again—with but one break to the monotony. Tonight a sailor came breathlessly into camp saying that three Marines had murdered a Spig! Of course I got at it and found three men who had had a fight. While I was talking to them, I saw the crowd before our gate running to the hospital nearby. The police were carrying in the victims! The crowd had grown to threatening size at our gate and we had no luck in dispersing them.

When I finally got at the truth of it, I found it was only a brawl—four drunken Spigs jumped three Marines at a resort and got well beaten up for their boldness. No one was seriously hurt and I refused to give over the Marines to the local police.

Sunday, Again I've put in the day writing lyrics—
June 30 or rather trying to do so. The muse, or whatever it is that the poet fellows chase about, eludes me very successfully. It has been such a long while since I've done any of this work that I'll have to get my hand in before I can accomplish anything.

It's funny how much this work pleases me. I am happier doing this than in anything since I hit the Island. It is of course largely because it gives me something to occupy my mind, also it is good food to grow on. I believe I've got a good, tight, funny—and best of all, salable—little play.

News comes of an Italian victory and advance in the midst of a big Austrian drive. This has been a very critical point for some time past. If the Italians can follow up it may be of big value.

Monday, All day long, quite literally, we've had July 1 courts martial. The work is getting to be pretty monotonous and yet it is better than nothing, or still worse, it is better than having some piddling job on the beach which would keep me tied up there all day long. As a consequence of the court work, I've naturally had little time to do any writing.

Yesterday I had an unexpectedly pleasant time at the British Consul's (Mr. Hayes) home. Bill Shealy and I went up and just because it was a home and civilized people and a girl or two again, we enjoyed ourselves.

Tuesday, Again the unexpected. At dinner today July 2 Evans announced that he had received a cable ordering him and Makolin back to the States. So that means we'll be stuck here for a long time yet. It will mean a new order under Capt. Brewster. I think it will be a broader, generally better outfit, but it means at least another six months here for me.

Wednesday, A fine day of work! I've finished re-writJuly 3 ing and typing the first act and have hit my
stride in the lyrics. Several have bitten
themselves off and I feel pretty well satisfied with them.
They will compare favorably with those being done today,
I think.

Brewster has formed the habit of coming up to our rooms in the evening and strumming on his banjo. Terry and Boynton have been writing music for these lyrics and tonight we broached the subject of putting on this show over here this Fall. Brester fell for it and I have mentioned it to several others and find it meets with general approval. Naturally, I'd like to do it, for it will be fun and it will be a fine chance to see what I have. All of which is odd to be important enough for me to devote a page to in the war zone!

Thursday, This has been a great big day for this place. July 4 I was awakened by a Portuguese band playing the Star Spangled Banner horribly. (I hate that tune anyway and especially as an alarm clock.) In the morning the Aviation Company got licked by the "Tonopah" at baseball and then there was a very rotten matinee and several boxing bouts at the Coliseum given by and for the enlisted men. But poor as it was, it was something to do. A matinee—that did remind me of the States!

In the evening the Admiral had a garden party in a paradise of trees and Japanese lanterns, white dresses, lagoons and music, gondolas and an excellent soprano, officers, and a deadly rum punch! Black water, oilily reflecting lanterns, low voices, violins sobbing. It was extremely lovely. The garden had been built by a count a hundred years ago for his mistress. Her spirit still pervades it.

Friday, To vary the monotony I took a submarine July 5 officer (Lieut. Brownell) for the evening scout. The air was very rotten—meaning thereby that it is strong, full of holes and unpleasant. We fought it out for an hour or so and then came back. As usual the harbor air was a seething caldron. (That's a peculiar thing. It lies so that air currents are in swirls

from every direction and landing, as we must in a tiny space, is wearing.) We came down, knocked about like a leaf, and missed by a couple of feet the coal dock, and hit the water with a slap that threw us up twenty feet into the air again. No harm done, however.

A really trying experience this morning and Saturday. a narrow escape came to hand. I left be-July 6 fore sunrise and went far to sea. A heavy fog fell suddenly and yet as I was making a large circle I did not worry, but steered by compass. At length, I turned to come back and figured to land in fifteen minutes. We flew in one direction for fifty minutes without sight of land and I was sure we had missed the Island and were lost in the mid-Atlantic. The sea was too rough to land (we would have smashed) and there we were, lost and with forty minutes more fuel. Just as I was going to turn and head straight south, we saw the Island! If it had been five miles farther, we would have turned away from it and been lost surely beyond hope of recovery. Well, it is such things which constitute aviation, and I am certain that the slow extinction of life on a wrecked seaplane is one of the most dreary of all ends.

Sunday, Boynton has become very ill and has gone to July 7 the hospital; Brewster is sick in bed and all of us feel badly in greater or less degree, I included. Spanish influenza, they call it, I think, and it appears to be very painful.

Tuesday, This epidemic of Spanish influenza or July 9 grippe, rather, has hit Brewster, Sellon and Hill. I have been feeling a bit under the weather, too, but not enough to keep me from working at the play which I have been typing all day.



JUST IN FROM A FLIGHT



In the afternoon, a nice little party in my room. Brewster (quite low in spirit) came up and Mat went out for food.

No mail now for seven weeks or more. It seems as if we were completely shut off from the world, as indeed we are. The place is quiet, deadly so, but then, this is service and I suppose there is nothing to do but make the best of it.

Wednesday, Evans is changing his tactics now that he July 10 is going and is trying to leave a pleasant impression behind. He has suggested that Brewster, Hill, Sellon and Boynton go for a few days rest to Furnas. Unheard of thing! They have very wisely done so today. And tonight comes a telegram from them to me as follows: "Have any ships come in? Send McClafferty with his grand bugle and mail. Bon nuite." So I take it they are hilariously happy tonight, as they should be.

But still more events. A cable came today that orders Sellon, Hill and Boynton, with forty-nine men, back to the States. What a glorious surprise for them! And what it means, clearly, is that the rest of us are stuck here for another six months. It is a hard prospect, but it could be worse. And it could be better.

Thursday, I am still very hard at the play. "Full speed July 11 ahead" is the order, and it seems a good course on which I have steered the story. I am as well satisfied with it as with anything I have done in a long while, and indeed as well satisfied as I am ever with any of my own stuff. There is a certain promise in the fact that I am not of an easily satisfied disposition. I suppose the world belongs to the men who are not

pleased, to those who see the faults of life and who are willing to work to correct them.

We're now in the position of a nation which is dissatisfied and we are growing to greatness because we are fighting that we may achieve our goal, only to want for better things, I hope, when that day is reached. That is the real promise of the future.

Saturday, This must be written a week late, for I have July 13 allowed time to go ahead of me. Today I have been doing three men's work, trying to finish the play so that it can leave on a destroyer bound West tomorrow. The lyrics are about all that is left. I have done a lot of them today and feel that I haven't lost my old faculty at that sort of work. Its a singular difference. I write what are really clever lyrics and better than any but those of Wodehouse today, but clever lines are beyond me. The spontaneity of brilliant lines is not (and never will be) for me. The best I can hope for is that they be amusing. So I'll have to make the plays carry by power of story and characterization.

Sunday, After working hard and late I had the July 14 piece, minus about eight lyrics, typed and ready to send on the destroyer this morning only to find that they had gone an hour earlier. That I take it is hard luck.

A big court martial (big in the amount of work) was to have been held today, which I had to call off because of the expected visit of Franklin Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy. After putting off the whole thing he never came.

I spent almost the whole day in a Ford running down Portuguese witnesses. This is extremely hard because the peasants never know a man by his real name—and that does not imply criminal aliases. One hard needle to locate in this haystack named Joran Aguiar finally turned up called Joan Pascual (John Brandy).

Tuesday. I decided to stick out my time of duty as officer of the day today, in spite of feeling July 16 pretty fairly rotten, and did so until this afternoon. I went out to the hospital to get some medicine and the surgeon in charge looked me over, pronounced a high fever, and insisted on my going to bed. So I turned into a cot and they began throwing druggists' staples into me. And then at ten in the evening, with the wind and rain playing fiercely, came mail! The first in nine weeks, and what a mail! Why it didn't seem anything could be such a tonic as those letters from home. Mother, Dad, dear Sis, with her clever, tender letters. I lay until after midnight reading them and then had hard work to calm down enough to sleep.

Wednesday, They have diagnosed my complaint as July 17 "something similar to grippe, probably Spanish influenza." At all events, I feel a lot better today and am honestly enjoying the rest and change. This hospital under canvas, rows of tents, with the operating rooms in portable houses, would be a revelation to our doctors at home. But it is well and quietly run, the attendants are kind and thoughtful, and the food is good. All told, it is a credit, and I have the highest confidence in Surgeon Hepler, a Newark doctor, who is in command. There is a corking tame rabbit, too, who hops into your tent and sits up solemnly watching you eat and nibbles bread from your hand. Very much unlike my last sojourn in a hospital-great, sterile St. Lukes.

A little weak, but otherwise "big and Thursday. strong." I left the hospital this morning July 18 and arrived at my alleged home in time to receive more mail. The old adage of raining and pouring holds good now and it is just flooding us with letters, praise be! The little details of home life and thoughts fill my heart. I don't care half as much about the launching of ships as I do about a pleasant drive mother had or the color of the kid's new dress. As I once wrote, "It's the little things which go to make up home." Perhaps the war or aging has benefited me like wine. So many of these letters from friends and family speak of a wider, better viewpoint. I hope so, that this may not be lost time.

Friday, The press today has a fine new smash of the July 19 Germans by the French-American forces. It is a big and vital thing, for it means that the German attack was stopped, and that the Allies are in powerful force and fine spirit. The papers tell that betting on the New York stock exchange is two to one on peace in ninety days. Perhaps. I doubt it.

Unless some unforeseen things happen we have the war won now. Let's hope that is the case. But it may take a long while to prove it to the Hun. He will not, I believe, be a hard man to lick. From the characteristics they've shown so far, they will cave in as soon as defeat is obvious to them, and then home! Let's go and get it over with, and for God's sake get me out of this place first.

Saturday, At dawn a big convoy of chasers and tenders came up and at about eight I went out in a plane and had the finest sort of a time shooting in and out over them just off the water. They brought us a lot of mail, too.

Shealy and I dressed in whites and went to town to dine. We met an attractive lot of chaser officers and went to the Michaleuse Club for a big dance, which stretched over until Sunday. What utterly rotten entertainers, these Portuguese! There were hour waits between dances. I met a very interesting Evanston man, Hank Knight, and had a very good time at reminiscences of home. There is a mutual interest which never fails. It is the *great* interest.

Sunday, With Boynton and Terry I went for lunch July 21 to Knight's fine new destroyer, the "Stringham," and afterwards spent a most interesting afternoon in exploring the delicate and beautiful mechanism of her. The complexity of these ships is beyond words, a tangle of intricate, accurate instruments and machines—and the wonder of wonders, they are turning them out one a week; 300 feet long, 2,800 horsepower, 43 miles speed, armed in the most marvelous fashion, and as beautiful as a Grecian goddess.

Monday, Every time I am officer of the day someJuly 22 thing happens. Tonight, just before taps,
there was a lot of howling in the resort on
the water front and sounds of a fight. A little later a
provost from one of the ships came down breathlessly and
asked me for a truck to hurry a wounded sailor who had
been cut up to the hospital. I got things ready at once
and went on the truck. The man was a red welter of
blood and in a bad way. We hurried him out (tourniquets were in place) and when we got him to the hos-

pital found no doctors there, only sailors. They, however, did the best they could with him and I am sure he will live.

Tuesday, It has been rather an eventful sort of day. July 23 It started by my making a flight and breaking two Island records—duration, 2 hours 7 minutes, altitude, 6,300 feet. That sounds like very little now, but it is quite a task to get one of these machines that high. I enjoyed it hugely and am proud of my descent. I made one glide of over a mile high and lit on the mark.

And tonight I said good-bye to Rollie, Reed, Perkins, Lavender, Capt. Evans, Boynton—all of them. As the men marched away I felt all alone. There are a splendid lot of men in our Company and I have many good, true friends, and that refers to enlisted men as well as the officers.

There is a beautiful full harvest moon and the thoughts of other July moons where these men are going doesn't help me any to be content. It is in all a lonely night. They are homeward bound. Good luck to them all.

Thursday, We've settled down now into our new rou-July 25 tine here and things promise better. I feel as if the most unpleasant part of my military life is over. Every month should be more pleasant than its predecessor. I am getting farther in rank, learning the life and my work better.

The life here saps initiative and energy. I am not alone in this, for all of us do little but sleep and eat. I am pepless a lot of the time, as the reading of these pages will show. There is no brain work involved. They are

nothing but a series of unimportant incidents which concern me little now and will be of less moment in later years. Stimulation there is none. Life is a butter—smooth, easy and unsalted.

Friday, The people of this Island are the most joyJuly 26 less, the most ungracious of any I've ever
heard of. Their conversation among themselves consists of double meaning, clumsy rottenness.
They pride themselves on their modesty, which is the
falsest, most lying modesty in the world. I can never
forgive these Azoreans for their lack of charm! Charm!
They don't know what it is.

Saturday. I have been doing a lot of flying lately and believe we'll have all the air work we want July 27 before we leave these Islands. While we are doing no good here offensively, I am sure we are of considerable use in keeping submarines at a distance. Those which once operated nearby now lie far away and never give us a chance. So we're not wasted here. But we want to get to the real front of action. I think we're all pretty restive for that. Terry and I have begun the custom of going out to the Marine Camp and slamming each other with the most dead smelling boxing gloves and then pushing each other's face around on the mat in abortive wrestling. We're a fine pair of athletes who get blown after a five-minute workout. We have about as much wind as a dead calm.

Sunday, The rest of the gang have gone again to July 28 Furnas over the week-end, leaving Boynton, Terry and me to struggle along with the operation of the Beach. We manage to get along

with it without straining any muscles. As a matter of fact all we do is to sit about and chin.

The situation on the Western front appears to be that Foch has enveloped four hundred thousand Huns and has a chance to capture the whole bunch. Do you think he'll do it? From previous examples of the Allies' strategy I should say you're about sixty miles wrong. I don't believe they'll do it in a million years. And gosh, how I hope I'm wrong. But keep it up, boys. By the Fall of 1934 the First Marine Aero Company may get in and then we'll sink the Kaiser.

Two destroyers dropped in today as a fine Monday. surprise and left mail. A letter from Duey July 29 Knight makes me wild to go over. long while ago he and I planned to get into the fighting via the air service and made a bet as to each being actually in the air before the other. I think I won that. But now! He writes from a famous French sector of four victories credited to him in his month of service, of fighting three scraps on the previous day. He states that this month of his has been better than any year of his life. What a contrast to my life here that is. He is having his hour of glorious living and what if he pays? It's all over in a moment, but he's had his fun. I, well I am rusting in a rut. The fine edge is gone from flying. I want land flying in France before I am through. Do I get it? How spins the wheel?

Wednesday, This is a land of blue sky, of fat coffee-July 31 colored girls, of Church bells out of tune, of smelly fish markets, of "weak" and "strong" money, of "old" and "new" time, of provincialism and old world life without the dignity, tradition or charm of old world things. The treatment of their women is a curious thing. Being insular, they (these Islanders) are bigotted and vile minded. There are no harems here, but almost the same thing is the way they guard their girls. When one infrequently goes walking, her parents make her walk in front and woe to any man who speaks to her, be he old school boy friend or not. The whole thing is the result of the Moorish ancestors who once lorded over their harems here.

As I write, it is a summer evening of mar-Thursday, August 1 velous beauty. In the park the bandstand is illuminated and the Portuguese 26th Regiment band plays lively popular tunes. Under the trees in the melting light, soldiers and civilians stroll and in the music comes the laughter, too, of children, which I think peculiarly a part of band music (reminiscent of our own White Cities and Coney Islands). Above, the sky is dark blue in the middle, lighter near the horizon, as Maxfield Parrish paints in his fairy pictures of "never, never land." And like those things, too, the tracery of boughs and leaves stand out in bold silhouette. The flute now comes to me in a short solo, laughing in delicate abandon. I think Pan was abroad tonight and called to me out of the wood. I'll romp with him in my heart, romp and love.

Friday, Days succeed each other with no relief from August 2 the monotony. It is an appalling thing to note that day after day goes by with no new thought, no new experience or reaction to note. Every American officer here feels this odd situation. We sleep, eat, and sleep again, and all the while we are in a sort of coma. I feel a great deal of the time that there is a fog

in my brain. Whether it is the climate, the useless life to which we are doomed, or some quality of anaesthesia in the food or water, I do not know. I do know, however, that I actually suffer under it, also that I try, both consciously and sub-consciously to fight against it and, I may add, with lessened vigor. I fear this thing, and everyone has it. It is a common saying here, "Snap out of the hop, old man." Instead of sleeping we term it "doping off."

With an effort I've been trying to get a Saturday. August 3 perspective of myself. I have two dominating qualities or three, imagination, enthusiasm and persistence. On these my character and all my failings are built. I am within a few weeks of twenty-seven and yet I am very clearly a boy to all who know me well. I do not suppose I will ever be anything else. Coupled with these is a desire to "have people like me" which amounts to weakness. I hate to admit it, but when people like me I can do anything without effort so long as my associates have confidence in me. When they do not like me, I shrivel up and have to fight to be happy, even though I neither like nor respect the person. Now imagine placing me, who am all sensitive imagination and enthusiasm, in this dreary hole. Do you see why it is so hard? Do I paint a picture of weakness or cowardice? Then you are wrong. Give me a really dangerous part and see.

Sunday, There is one thing to which I am deterAugust 4 mined—no amount of boredom, no amount
of lack of sympathy among my brother
officers, will calm the exuberance of my enthusiasm or
the boyish life that I get from inside. No one will ever
calm my imagination and as I have done before, I will

stick at a thing until it is mine. If I have to stay for a long time in the service I'll do each day's job as well as I can and hope for peace and work.

Monday, One thing, this posing about wanting to August 5 fight and die is all bunk—just that. man doesn't live to whom life is sweet who wants to lose it. The big cause for our cry for action is vanity—we don't want to go back without a story to tell. For me, well there is also a question of proof—I want to be sure that I have not failed at the pinch. I have hatred for Germany, not for Germans. The only reason I want to kill them is that thereby the war will end the sooner. But as for growling at my fate because I have been put in one of the pleasantest, easiest places in the war, I'll do it no more. I shirked nothing at the outset. I went into the most active service and then into the most dangerous branch of that service. It is fate—Kismet.

Tuesday, While sailing yesterday afternoon and beAugust 6 calmed, mail came in. A letter from
Mother. Also a letter from Gladys Hanson, which brings to me again her sweet dignity and
love. I have made two real and wonderful friends in
her and Charles. If the play-writing never comes to
anything it will all be well worth while from the friends
I have made. And friends count for all the world and
most over here.

The war seems to go well, but Peace is not at hand by any means.

Wednesday What with flying and reading the day has August 7 passed. They succeed each other here with so little to mark them I find no charm nor life in them. So be it. In this period of blankness I am

growing up as I might not in the rapid struggles of Peace. I am more firmly than ever convinced of the lasting value of quality in men or writing—simplicity, truth, imagination and force. Coupled with humor they move the world. Quality leads. I know many coarse strains in my nature and I conscientiously try to refine them, but do I succeed? I wonder. At all events, imagination, enthusiasm and will shall carry me far. If a man believes in anything strongly enough he can sway the world. Go on record then. I believe in myself, and broader, I believe in human nature and its great goodness.

Thursday, Five court martial charges were delivered August 8 to me today—I've arranged to try three tomorrow and the rest Monday. In my delivery of the charges to the prisoners occurred a funny thing. One of the men, a chap with a bad eye and blond hair very long, worn back and held by a rubber band, gave me a good laugh. I explained the charges to him and then said, "Did you do that?" He answered "Yes." I said, "Then you're guilty?" He answered "Yes." Then said I, "What will you plead?" And blandly as you please, he said, "Not guilty." Can you beat that? And vet it is truly typical. An American gob is a joy in himself. He's a brand new animal, with funnier contradictions of character than any known animal. For instance, he rarely knows how to ride a bicycle, and yet the first thing he does on liberty is to hire one!

Friday, The cases we tried today prove still further August 9 my thesis on sailors. They are three excellent men, chief petty officers, the most responsible men on their ship. As a wonderful example of a sailor's mind, witness. They wanted to go ashore

after liberty hours. Being privileged and responsible men all they had to do was to ask permission and it would have been granted, as in numerous cases before. But they did not want that. Not so you could discover it with a spy-glass. They must take the other course—slip out through a gun port, climb a difficult line, steal a wherry and put off in the darkness. Inevitably they were discovered and now get reduction and a half year in prison for it. It just goes to show that the wheels in a sailor's dome run in a direction "counter clockwise."

Saturday. A lot of the officers here have a wonderful time in this graceless island, largely, I August 10 think, because they are young. Now this same youth animates me. I'll never grow up-an aviating Peter Pan-but there is something or other which fouls my spark plugs when it comes to doing the charmed guest with these Spics. I simply can't have a good time at their dull and dragging parties. Nor can I grow joyous with glee over talking in halting and miserable attempt at Portuguese with a 'childish simplicity or in painfully slow and unidiomatic English with some fat, charmless and nut-brown Portuguese damsel who thinks she is the belle of the world and who couldn't hold a job as hat girl for either looks or brains in a second-class New York hotel. I have, as the English say, "a thin time."

Sunday, In later years I'll laugh over last night.

August 11 Terry disappeared (we were alone in our rooms) and later turned up under such a pile of bundles that he looked like a suburbanite in the beginning of Spring. He had gone all over town and had an ice-cream freezer, fifty pounds of ice, a dozen tins of milk, a glass of strawberry jam and a bag of salt

to show for his raid. Then he made his room a mess, as thoroughly as only he can do it, to get things started. He cracked the ice with a boot, opened the milk cans with shears and cut bananas with the same shears, spilled the jam and upset a lamp. But it was the salt that ruined the party. We worked for an hour and when the cream was made we wiped away the sweat and dove in—and then dove for the window. Salt! It was awful!

Monday, Court martials, three of them, all morning.

August 12 lunch on the "Marietta," an hour at the Admiral's cleaning up court records, and the dentist in the afternoon, reading, chow, Brewster in my rooms, a few laughs, alone again and this diary in the rapidly failing daylight, that's my day.

I never expected when I started to litter these clean pages that such would be the record of my war service. The simplicity, security and monotony of it. And yet I fancy that all war is monotony, utter boredom, with here and there a few hours of blazing action. We have the monotony without the action—and yet, Lord knows we run risk enough—and we too miss all the degredation and filth and rottenness of war. Oh, well, fate directs and settles us.

Tuesday, I borrowed (by taking without leave)

August 13 from Headquarters a huge drawing board
and T-square, and all day have been having a fine time drawing a full-size plan for a five-foot
model of a 25-foot "V-bottom" single step hydroplane
to be driven by a steam turbine and powered by a
miniature flash boiler. It's a question as to whether
or not I shall actually build it—there's a huge amount

of work involved and I am uncertain if I want to spend my time that way.

It's always great fun to draw boats, for the projection of curves fascinates me. The whole science is so marvelous, the ability to represent on paper a ship which can be built accurately from the plans and yet the paper is flat, whereas there isn't a flat surface on the ship. And the checking up of curves—it's great fun.

Wednesday, This climate is surely "dopey." I try hard August 14 to have force, drive, ambition, initiative, but it's almost an impossibility. This same thing is visible in the islanders. A more dumb, dead, cow-eyed lot can't exist. Any people with less life than these would be too weary to breathe. Q. E. D.

It's a pretty rotten feeling to be dying by inches in mind and be unable to combat it successfully. I am determined not to pass out and become just a lump of sub-crustaceous life. I will not. Hence I'm going to get out of here, get a change of mind and scene, come back and whirl the top off things. And pretty soon we'll be having cool Fall weather—which may help to kill these mental hookworm bugs.

Thursday, While awaiting the evening scouting toAugust 15 night I watched at close range a small
crab on a moss-covered rock tear loose
bits of the moss with its front claws and feed the moss
into its tiny twinkling mouth.

An hour later I was coming in from sea and looked down from 4000 feet on this island. The rock (for it's all volcanic) showed plainly as hard and cold and everywhere the vegetation looked just as the moss looked on that stone. It struck me forcefully then (as

the diminution of man does when I'm in the air) that we're a lot like that crab. We're often hard, cruel beasts squatting on the earth and interested mainly in feeding a mouth to sustain a life that achieves only infinitesimal good. I won't be like that. Give me imagination—oh! there are bright clouds to touch gaily on tip toe as I dance—joy, life. Is your food moss or sunset?

Friday, A pretty threatening day, but Terry, SurAugust 16 geon Hepler and I decided to go to Furnas, the local hot springs. We secured the
Ford and loaded it with bathing suits, gas tins, shotguns, tennis rackets and suitcases, and left about 3:30,
arriving after a wonderful drive in time for dinner.

We found the hotel filled and were put up at a nearby house, washed, dined, and explored the limited amusements of Furnas. They are non-existent, consisting of hot baths and a "casino" with roulette and a 12-cent limit of play! That's Furnas.

Nearby is a lake where Hayes, the British consul, has a Summer place, so in our battered old flivver, without lights, in a rain, we ran along mountain cliffs with a sheer drop from the road off a huge distance. I've had wild rides, but never anything to compare with that one.

Saturday, Terry and I shared a corn-husk bed that August 17 has left us weary but still grinning, although pretty badly bruised. I've heard of "The Great Divide," but I had never before slept on one. We have laughed continuously since coming down and have flirted most unsuccessfully with every female under seventy and with more than one tooth.

They are a dead lot—we can't be so utterly unattractive.

We have had a beautiful five-hour drive over the mountains, and tennis and a swim later at Hayes, who has a marvelously beautiful place. A fine big old house high on a mountain gorge overlooking a mile long mountain lake—the most luxuriant and varied of trees and plants—it all made the loveliest landscape I've ever seen. We stayed for dinner and enjoyed it, a fine English meal, roast and all. They are well born, attractive people.

Sunday, After, as Hepler says, "policing the bareAugust 18 foot district" of the village of Furnas last
night and finding it barren of life, we
turned in, slept better and this morning after the midday Portuguese breakfast (where these fat hogs stuff
themselves disgustingly) we set out to return by a
roundabout way and drove over some unbelievably
steep roads and very beautiful hills to home. The
break has been good and I've enjoyed it.

Watching these Portuguese eat almost with their feet in the trough and then sleep in the sunshine, with fat cheeks flabbing and mouths open, I've again detested them and pitied them. Detested them for the sloven lazy pigs they are and pitied them for all the clean, fine, beautiful life they miss. They are the offal carried on by life's stream.

Monday, What is the meaning of life? What is August 19 all this complex machine for? The why and which of it? We are spewed forth into life from a nameless infinity, we have a short course here in which we mature, breed and then, dying, are dropped like grain through a hopper back into the vast silence whence we came. And that is all there is of

life for most people, a maturing, a breeding, and oblivion. All their functions, acts and hopes are centered on these, with their kindred struggling, rather blindly, for food and clothing.

Oh God, I'm not like that. Don't let me be but a weed to shake pollen on the wind! One lever I have to pry into the secrets—imagination, brain and desire. Show me the highway, the clean, fine, magnificent road, to which I may climb. If most of the world does wander in mud, still there must be a white, clean road somewhere for our minds to follow.

Tuesday, I'll be twenty-seven tomorrow, and the August 20 fact that I am here means that I have failed, through circumstances of war. I'd thought to be a coming banker by now, to be a successful playwright, and perhaps to be married. Those sound like large orders to fill at twenty-seven, but perfectly possible.

A man does just what he sets out to do; he becomes the person he wants to be. And it all depends (as I see it) upon the nerve a chap has to aim at a high goal whether he'll make it. Barring war, I'm perfectly sure I could have attained these ends and my heart stays with me. Two years after peace is declared, I'll have them anyway.

And of marriage—where lives the girl whose life I am to share? I want marriage and I fear it, but my ideals for her are so high that I have few virtues to offer in exchange. If I ever marry she'll get a poor bargain—unless she's not my dream.

Wednesday, This is a pretty good time to add up the August 21 figures of debit and credit for the past year. Have I a deficit to face or a profit?

I've lost a year of active progress, a year of association with my dear family and friends. I've lost the fine edge for business, it's rusted from disuse. I've gained a vast amount in clarity of vision, of poise, of inarticulate but wide knowledge and I have undergone a subtle refining of the spirit. I've advanced none in the things you can count and weigh, but I've taken a big stride in the indefinable things which make a man. It comes over me in a wave that the year has been good beyond all else.

It seems to me that this enforced idleness and meditation has been invaluable, coming at the point in my life that it has. I was going fast and carelessly, crashing through life and destroying things as I went. Then came a halt and for a year I've thought it all over (it has been all I could do) and at last things begin to drop into their places. I begin to get an understanding of it all, to see the correlation of parts and people. I am sure this year will be invaluable in the time to come.

Thursday, To pass the time, and because I am interAugust 22 ested in this sort of thing, I've drawn
very carefully a set of designs for a model
of a 25-foot hydroplane and have worked all day making a model of it to be five feet long. I'm doing this
precisely as if it were a real boat and am taking the
greatest care to make it perfect in every detail. It's
absorbing work and will keep me busy for probably six
weeks. Nine to ten hours a day in the shop leaves me
so tired that no thought comes into my head but sleep.
Hence this is empty. It is curious that work with the
hands can be so all-absorbing. I've had a bully time.
To bed and heavy sleep.

Friday, After working ten hours on the good ship August 23 "Cheese," I took the evening flight with Nolan. We went out in 328, got off the

water when I (in the front seat with the gas tanks above and in front of my lap) noticed an overpowering smell of gasoline. I rammed around and found the floor, my shoes and puttees soaked with the stuff and the smell so strong it made my head ache. Gas was spraying up and after asking Nolan he returned my note with the answer "No, the dials don't register, but the tanks are full." I answered "Full and leaking. I wanna go home," so he headed the ten miles back to the harbor. And that was a nervous ride. The powerful air current blew the gasoline up from the floor between my legs and to my head. The slightest spark would enflame it. Alongside of it were the two rows of exhausts shooting fire a foot or more from each pipe. Fire was more than likely. It was probable. We were at 400 feet, and I unstrapped and had Nolan do the same. I picked out the space between wires and struts where I was going to go out, for the front seat is a regular trap, and then I waited for the expected to happen.

I was interested in my emotion. I was calm, figured out just how I would double into a ball for the four hundred foot drop. I realized it was all a chance and the thought went through my mind that "Death has no terror." It is in this only that the incident was of value. It was of tremendous value to show me that I was no coward—which is one of the things I came into aviation to discover. And—I had a ten to one shot for life—and I won.

Sunday, The destroyer "Stringham" came in yes-August 25 terday, and on a previous trip I made friends with an ensign on her, Hank Knight, an Evanston man. So I went out for him this morning and brought him ashore with the executive officer for chow, later a ball game and a swim.

They had the interesting story of their sinking of one of the big German U-boats which have been operating off the coast of the United States. They picked up an S. O. S. from a Brazilian ship which was being shelled, put full steam on and arrived luckily so that the Brazilian was between them and the sub, hiding them. They got a good look at the Hun before he dove and then when over him, circled and dropped seventeen depth charges each of 200 pounds of T. N. T. The Hun blew up and poured out a patch of oil a mile long. Finish!

Another ten hour day of work on the boat Monday. August 26 (I've been doing it every day but Sunday) has left me thoroughly weary, and satisfied. Simple as this thing is, it pleases me to be doing something all day long and every day at last. Isn't that a commentary in itself on what the service has done for me! Fancy it! I am pleased, happy and satisfied to be putting in my time building a toy boat, and that's because after the inactivity to which I have been forced to submit, it—anything—seems good so long as it means keeping busy. That's a concise statement of the waste and futility of warfare. It's all the damning evidence a man needs to convict war of emptiness and uselessness. And I'm in my years of greatest activity—the shame and waste of them!

Tuesday, A ship in today with mail and at last our August 27 new flying boats, three months en route.

The mail was satisfying, as always. What a queer effect mail has on me here. These letters come from people I respect and know are of the very highest

caliber and they are couched in terms of such warm regard that I am often amazed at the feelings that I have inspired—honestly amazed and pleased greatly. The mail always makes me dissatisfied with war and with my lot that it takes me away from the progress I'd hoped to make. Life flows on and in its powerful stream is the chance to battle against the current to achievement and happiness, but for a year I've not been in that stream. Instead, I am in an eddy, a deadwater behind the island of war. I am but floating timber, rotting as I spin round and round in the same place.

Wednesday, To avoid redundancy and emphasis on August 28 minor things I don't enter much about my model boat, but I work on it all day and every day. It progresses well in spite of mahogany for planking that is as brittle as bone.

Letters from friends reach me. When fortune rejoins us we will not be the same old friends, but strangers with memories in common. That's the curious result of the inability of man to stand still. We advance or retroact. I wonder if in fineness I am not advancing. Surely I think and feel differently than I did before, with greater clarity and perspective and with more fineness. That's of lasting value. I am not standing still—an impossibility—and in some ways at least I must be progressing.

Thursday, The days are filled with working in the carAugust 29 penter shop, the nights with sleep, and I
am too tired to write or read or think. Just
keeping one's hands busy passes the time. I'd not realized. The hours fly by and sleep arrives. It's a curious
way for a man to be spending his time in a huge war.

Brewster is an excellent man under whom to serve

and this place has much to recommend it. I am learning a lot about Brewster's way of handling men and I must in honesty record that he makes this life of inactivity more bearable than any officer I've met in the service. Under some men our life here with no new faces, no new incidents and little activity would be a perfect hell. It's due to him that it isn't.

Today's flight had the elements of excitement. Friday. August 30 We went out thirty miles to sea and then found the motor was heating badly. This means that she will soon boil, lose power and quit. As the sea was too rough to land there and cool off, I came back. That's the simple way of saying it. And it doesn't imply the heartrending struggle to keep her cool and still have power enough to fly. By the most careful work and diving to cool her off at intervals I barely made the harbor. The temperature was 210 degrees and I was barely off the water. This necessitated my landing at the entrance, where it was so rough that a wave threw me into the old ozone before I'd lost flying speed and when we dropped onto the next wave several struts broke. We got her in safely, however,

Saturday, The performance of yesterday and my fluke August 31 of tonight when the machine I was flying got so hot after barely leaving the water that I had to come down is a commentary on the condition of our machines. They are so old now and have been repaired so many times that they have long passed usefulness. To make bad things worse, the gasoline we are getting is awful. It is about the color of tea and of a very low grade.

We're not on the battle front, but we're running our risks with the rest. It is far from safe to fly these ma-

chines and yet we all take them far to sea in weather when a failure of the motor might well be fatal. We can't help ourselves. It is not our fault and we will continue to do the best we can and we don't kick. It is a part of the game.

Monday, At last our new aeroplanes have arrived. September 2 We unloaded three beautiful flying boats, with telephones between aviator and gunner—oh! everything. And from the condition of our old machines, which are utterly rotten they have only come in time, hence there was great jubilation over it all this morning.

And this afternoon we learned that while the boats are here and intact and are needed terribly, the Navy has sent them over all complete without a single engine to run them. If that isn't a picture of Navy efficiency! For three months we have had a Navy band here sent over

without instruments. The Admiral, even, arrived with nothing but bath-tubs and took all our supplies to keep him going.

This last topples everything over. It is so bad it is funny!

Tuesday, Congratulate me! Today Terry and I reSeptember 3 ceived promotions to first lieutenants. I
am glad for two reasons: First, the pay,
which with aviation and foreign service extras amounts
to \$265.00 a month; and second, because it takes me out
of the apprentice class of second lieutenancies. I do not
include the increase in authority because in aviation as
we run it there is very little rank, and I am glad of that.
It's all free and easy and pulling together in good harmony. The pay is pretty good and I can save about two
hundred a month and have something when I get out of
this harness. I have written home and have no doubt
the news will please the family as much as it does me.

Wednesday, Last night I went aboard the "Machias," a September 4 battered old gun boat, for dinner as a guest of M. M. Smith, paymaster and formerly Alpha Delta Pi, Chicago '16. It seemed especially good to talk to a man from the old college. Later we went to the Michaleuse Club where a lot of officers had gathered. The roulette wheel wasn't running, so Commander Thibault, the Admiral's chief of staff, and the flag officer, Lieut. Blade, banked the wheel and we all played. It was a lot of sport trying to break the bank—and failing. It's the first time I've sat in on just that sort of play and I liked it.

Seeing Smith brings back old college days and thoughts. How golden they were, and the friends I made there. What a tender reverence the college claims in my heart.

Thursday, The boat is nearly planked and it has been September 5 some work. In the planking alone I have used seven gross of screw. I eat a moderate breakfast at seven and work right through without even sitting down until dinner at six. Quite a stretch of work and little food to do it on, but I've felt better than at any time since I came here. The old foggy brain is cleared.

I've made infrequent mention of war drives here. Better historians will tell it. But as a reaction on myself I want to record the elation over the splendid successes of the Allies. I feel that we may be seeing the beginning of the end. Miraculously we have the power to go forward. Perhaps another year will close it and open the gates to civil life. What a paradise.

Saturday, In re-reading my entries here I have noticed September 7 startlingly how differently I think and write from the way I talk. It is simple enough, but what a pity that these men are unwilling to speak as well as they can, to use exactly the word to clothe the idea even if that be an unfamiliar word, unwilling to let the mind roam free and follow the highways of fancy, and how unfortunate for me that they will always consider such thought or speech in others as affectation. It is almost criminal to "think down" and "talk down" or below your best level, and yet that is absolutely necessary in the service if a man isn't to be a pariah.

Sunday, Flying is such a common matter that I sel-September 8 dom enter it. I have made over a hundred flights and feel that I know my way about. So when these pages are full of other matters it doesn't mean I am not in the air, just that flying is too monotonous, too repetitious to be entered. But the appreciation of the beauty of the colors and masses of cloud, land or sea is never monotonous.

I suppose this love of the beautiful was born in me, but it never came to the surface until college brought it out. College did three things for me, it gave me an appreciation of beauty which was first as of greatest value, it gave me a general smattering of broadening education, and it gave me friends—real, trustworthy friends. For the love of the beautiful alone it was well worth the time and cost.

Monday, The little boat I am making is taking shape. September 9 The hull is about done and it is indeed a pretty little model—a much better job than I thought I could do. A huge amount of patience has been the price of it, joints made to a hair line accuracy, over a thousand little screws in the planking alone. Tomorrow I start work on the turbines and boilers. When this boat is finished, I shall start on another play of comedy type. Keeping busy is the only way I know to keep happy.

I've just read "The Pretty Lady," Arnold Bennett's new book. How a writer of his ability can turn from "Milestones" to telling of the feeling in England in the war years through the mouth of a prostitute, and with disgusting, unnecessary attention to her business, I fail to see. He must have needed money badly and turned to this licentious tale to get it. Odd! Now he's the prostitute.

Tuesday, After a night and day of consideration I September 10 have changed my mind entirely about "The Pretty Lady." Bennett has drawn a spirited and, I judge, accurate picture of contemporary London with great insight in human life and thought. That

the sex matter is prominent is not wrong. I, being frank, confess that I liked it as would every other honest person.

This sex attitude is all wrong. It is admittedly the fundamental factor of life and surely the most beautiful. By a queer occidental code of morals we are taught to hide sex as a crime. It's not that. Sex makes the Spring a time of beauty, why it's responsible for our appreciation of ninety per cent. of the beauty of the world. The Orient is more honest, it is more frank. Greece, with a complete antithesis of our sex morals, has given more truth and more of beauty to the world, more simplicity and (if you insist) honest religious life than all the other centuries combined. We've got to shift our outlook. Bennett has done so.

Wednesday, While returning from a flight with Ziegler. September 11 I saw about twenty-five miles off shore, birds in large flocks feeding on what I took to be ship's refuse. Eight miles nearer in I saw more birds feeding and then a huge school of porpoises, the largest I ever saw. Suspecting Huns, we both hung over the side and ahead of the porpoises we saw it! A huge black shape about sixty feet depth going North-east on a course that would clear the island. It was clearly a submarine and must have been about four hundred feet long. As I was at 1,800 feet, I spiralled to 700 and let go the bomb, which came very near but failed to explode. I then circled for forty minutes and returned, giving the alarm. It created a lot of excitement as it was but sixteen miles out, and I spent the rest of the day in command of our cruiser tearing out on the sea. No one saw the Hun. We had other reports, however, proving that I was the first here actually to see one.

Thursday, And again today excitement. The sea was September 12 very rough and raining in places when Ziegler and I, who were flying off the West end of the island, had to descend with motor trouble. It is not a pretty prospect. Huge seas coming in off the North Atlantic, an ashore wind to blow you onto the spray-tossed rocks at the base of 1,200 foot cliffs, every probability of wrecking the plane and being entangled yourself.

I determined to take it calmly and made a landing without even bending a strut! We tossed for an hour with one-half the motor going while Ziegler did yeoman service and got soaked through taking the other carburetor to pieces. At last he pronounced it ready and I made up my mind to try to get into the air. We pulled away from the thundering breakers and I got it into the air and came safely home! I am pretty proud of that achievement, for there wasn't an officer or man in the Company who believed it could be done in that gale and sea until I produced proof. Not a thing broken!

Saturday, "Mars," as Ernestine Evans writes, "has September 14 spilled the beans." Great truth. After this scrap is over and Europe and America tell the girls to leave the big hustle and retire to sit with folded hands waiting for some bloke to stagger up and formally offer her love, Europe and America are going to have these girls laugh in their faces and tell them they are moldy old fogies smelling of moth-balls. In the language of the classics, the "stuff will be off." The girls aren't such chumps. There are too many of them in the world now for the men and every day of fighting means a percentage more. Just because a girl has been born in the predominating sex is no reason why she

should be ruled out of life. Not much. These marriage laws, morals and codes of life will all be changed. What a change!

Sunday, All kinds of men and one kind of world. September 15 All sorts of hearts and one sort of morals.

All sorts of big-souled men born into the planet, squeezed out of eternity plump onto earth like a lemon seed squeezed into a glass, and some filthy-minded, small-brained, little bourgeois puppet up in power tries to say "You must live and think and do thus and so." Ridiculous, funny? Surely. Maddening? Absolutely. France, American officer, pretty lady, Summer moon, youth, love, poetry, romance, after nine P. M., provost marshal, arrest, orders of Secretary of War? Certainly. Bunk——!

Monday, All over Europe tonight in damp earth holes September 16 with stale cigarettes over smoking fires men are talking as men haven't talked in a long, long time. In lonely hours of waiting, of boring, dreary, tiresome waiting for a few minutes of fun, men are thinking and talking. Over here souls are crystallizing, new thoughts are getting formulated for action. New fires are lit that are going to burn out a lot of the Calvinist, false, set morals, ideas and customs of the world. Life, my God, how I love it! Tingling, soft and dimpled, hard and fast and pitiless and business, swinging like music! Life, youth! Oh, mad youth, that never halts nor counts the cost! I've got it. Youth! All the world stops still and stands aside. Youth, it is mine!

Tuesday, Standing all day at a lathe, whirling brass, September 17 flying shavings, thinking and working to the thousandth of an inch. Great fun. Hands

busy, mind occupied, learning useful things and building a miniature turbine for my boat; and not so small at that —175 pounds of steam pressure, not inconsiderable. And the theory of molecular steam energy—all new. I need more mathematics, more theory. My engineering is half-baked but better than none.

Nearly two months work on this boat but if nothing else it will show a good job of work—finished. Ever think of that—the value of a thing, even a toy, because it is a task undertaken—and carried through? A habit of mine, carrying through. Glad it is.

Wednesday, Reading of something has directed my September 18 thoughts to woman and her place in life.

All the steadfast ideas swim up, purity, sheltered life, dodging the sordid realnesses, educated (in part), maturity. Then the pitching about—goes into life to be independent and finds in all but the exceptions that that means being dependent on some man or other. A man's world we live in undeniably. Or she stays at home, loafs about being a "bud" until she accepts the formal dependency on some man of marriage. That was all before the war.

After the war we'll have some sort of change, must be better, too.

Thursday, Sitting here by my table I go whacking back September 19 in memory so vividly. It hardly seems possible. What a powerful key odors have to unlock dusty, forgotten brain cells. There are some apples here beside me, a trifle overripe, and with a clarity that is little short of amazing I am carried back to the swinging cabin lamp, the high berth (badly mussed), the mules and sea on deck of the old "Normandie," and this same odor of apples from the crate on the floor. And

I'm carried back, too, to my dear Dad—a bit stronger then but still feeble. It's all as if I were there now, it is so vivid. Odors. I wonder if some day when I am very old, this youth of mine all warm and passionate will come overpoweringly from the scent of a perfume of a girl.

Saturday, If I'm a little low in tone, put it to this—for September 21 eight weeks or so we've been without mail.

You know what it means to wonder and fear if all the friends you love are gone and married, if they've forgotten you, if all is well with your family, and above all, the huge need of every person for self-expression and intercommunication. You see, we're incurably social animals. And when one is cut off from communication you ache for mail. Then after eight weeks imagine a destroyer in and the word passed to stand by for mail! And when the mail comes, it's a rotten little half bag and not a letter for you. Like the small boy, "I'm goin' to eat worms."

Tuesday, There's so much difference in people and September 24 so little breadth; so much narrow-mindedness and so little kindness; so much vanity and so little humor; so much fear and distrust of those we don't understand and so little trust. It annoys and tickles me.

Oh, these contrasts of life, light in flashes and heavy gloom. I am twenty-seven, the oldest of the junior officers in years and by spirit the youngest. They were all surprised when we compared ages. The oldest and the youngest in years and heart, respectively. And in closer relation to life; I am the oldest in my knowledge of the world, I know more phases of life and more of

the hidden things below the surface. And I'm the youngest in the risks I take and in the laugh I fling. I'm Pan—as old as Wisdom and as young as Spring.

Wednesday, Creative work! That's life. He who September 25 doesn't create—and in that is the fire we inherit from divinity, in creation, be it of heart or body or spirit—he who doesn't create is a dead thing, though he breathes. All the joy of life lies in creating. It is life. What is love but the outburst of creative desires. We're on life's business then, directly, and perhaps that's why we feel the eternal rectitude of love.

So few create. My friends all of them do—that's why they are *friends*. My sweethearts, too, with a beauty of body or even that with spirit, they create. They create the God in me. We create? In a pigmy sense, yes. Our fleeting life we create some tiny thing. But we are tiny things. Our creations may be tremendous to us.

Thursday, Brewster has been promoted to major so I September 26 called the others together to give him a dinner. I got it up, the menu, dinner cards, the whole (and ridiculously simple) affair and tonight we sprung it. Brewster developed into a remarkably graceful guest (a most difficult position) and won me even further by his kindnesses and charm. I like him greatly for what he is—a most pleasant, well-bred man. I like the rest of the chaps, too.

Friday, There's been a stunt bothering me today. September 27 I've wanted to climb out of the rear seat of an aeroplane and change places with the mechanic when in the air. It's a rather risky thing to do, for there is a powerful wind blast, no support for

your feet until you get forward to the wings, except a small hole for the toes of one foot, and poor hand holds.

I had told Ziegler (my mechanic), but told him I wouldn't let him try it until I had gone all the way up and back first to be sure it could be done. So tonight, a thousand feet above the sea with the most glorious sunset of flame and purple, I unstrapped myself andwondered and got out. I missed the foot hole, hung a thousand feet above the sea by my hands and slipped twice, but I did it, all the way up and back!

Herb Roth, before the war famous cartoon-September 29 ist for the "New York World," now a joyous gob on a condemned yacht here, went for the sunrise flight with me this morning and I gave him a good one. High over the mountains I let him fly the machine, searched out a cloud at sea to take him over and through it and then did myself proud (to my own surprise) by spiralling down from 6000 feet and landed nicely in the narrow harbor mouth.

Later in the day the battleship "New Hampshire" came in and Shealy and I went to call, were shown over the ship and staved to dinner. Found a very pleasant lot of officers and we came ashore with them to the club. One chap, McKeon, is particularly keen.

They (the New Hampshire officers) came September 30 ashore most unexpectedly today and invited me to drive out to Furnas, which we did.

It was a good party.

On the return I found the amazing cablegram that Bulgaria had surrendered to the Allies unconditionally! What that means, taken with our continued gains in the West, is stupendous. It means the isolation of Turkey and her inevitable surrender, and that quickly. It means rehabilitation of Roumania and Serbia, Austria attacked on two sides and quickly reduced, an open way to Russia, the end of "Mittel-Europa" fantasies and a quick and complete victory over the Hun.

Tuesday, October comes in with fine prospects everyOctober 1 where. Bulgaria out, the dreaded Hindenberg line smashed through on seventy per
cent of its length, and over three hundred thousand Germans or their benighted Allies captured in five weeks.
We're in the beginning of the end.

I want passionately to get into the fighting in France before it is all over. I know I'm not yellow. I know I can make good and I'm confident in my lucky star. And while other Marines are doing big things, I am stuck here in this dreary hole doing nothing and running plenty of risks all the while.

Wednesday, Lots of news in various papers of my October 2 friends, Hazzard Short, Forest, Jimmy, all in good solid successes, and best of all, Julia Bruns has made a whale of a hit in the "Blue Pearl" and Joe Santley is opening the "Princess" and has had a baby son. I'll write them all.

Julia's is the best to me, however, for I remember so well just a year ago when we drove out to the country in her car and had lunch, and her eyes filled with tears as she told me of her repeated attempts at getting a chance and always with the same result—always the same. And now that she has hit solidly and for keeps it means a life of independence and growth if she keeps her head and works like the devil. And Lordy—how beautiful that woman is! Superb and charming.

Thursday. The New Hampshire is gone and with her October 3 a lot of good officers. The life of a battleship, being all new to me, is interesting to say the least. Mostly I've been surprised at the lack of formal discipline. I don't mean by that that she is slovenly handled or any irregularity. Far from it. The thirteen hundred men on her keep her like a surgeon's operating room. But there's a freedom and ease I had never expected, for I had always imagined that such a great ship was really just one ceremony after another, even in war time. Far from it. Her mess rooms are delightful and her captain and navigating officers mixed with us lieutenants like brothers. But it's all due to the captain. The old story—a happy ship.

Friday. Playwriting won't let me alone, and all day I've been trying to straighten a hundred October 4 tangled ideas into one story-and I can't get it yet. This creative work isn't all it's cracked up to be when you have the will but not the spark to create. When ideas roll from your pen, when your mind cuts, as H. G. Wells says, "like a brand new, sharp knife-blade." that's when there is tremendous joy in it. But when these ideas you try to pick out of the air evade you and things won't work out, then it's hard work. There is always the satisfaction, however, of knowing that if you keep at it, sooner or later the inspiration will come, and when it does, it rushes in on gossamer wings or something. So shut up and try again tomorrow.

Saturday, This is the Spic Fourth of July. Fancy a country so crazy as to celebrate it in October! And all night the park has been full of drunken vocalists. It's a pathetic vice that liquor

makes these peasants singers, but it does, and it keeps us awake. Sleep was out of the question, and after putting in the day trying to outline the idea for the play, which wouldn't straighten out, I lay awake thinking of home and trying to think of the play instead. One minute it was an utter blank, no beginning, no story, no end. The next minute it was as clear as sunlight. There is the wonder of imagination—it pops out at last a complete thing. At three o'clock it lit and I wrote until daybreak and when I had done, the play was there, complete and finished.

Sunday. I am in step with creation now. The full, October 6 splendid swing of life is in me. With a half hour's sleep last night I have written all day without being out of my chair but twice and then only for a minute. After supper I returned and worked until three A. M. There is a fire that gets hold of one, that lifts you out of yourself. It is, I suppose, the divine fire of creating when man uses his spark of Godhood and like the forces which have breathed life into him in his turn creates living beings from his imagination. It's perfectly true that when one writes as I have been doing he has little consciousness of time or place and that in some great, unaccountable way the characters he draws breathe and live themselves, and living, work out their own destinies. It is as if their volition, not his, moves the writer's hand. Truly he is but the medium through which life flows. I am weary, but very happy.

Monday, Again all day at work. Three hours' sleep October 7 last night and at the play all day from seven in the morning until two at night. The second act is finished and I think the work is good, but how can I tell? I lack perspective for my own work. I can't stand off at a distance.

Again the joy of creating. The only people in harmony with life, the only ones who really live and are not dead but vitally alive are those through whom life pulses and beating gives them force to create. It is the greatest joy I know, and about the hardest work. I am worn out physically and nervously, too much so to write more here.

Tuesday, Last night was hard sleeping, for I have October 8 been at such a tension that my nerves did not loosen. The strain remained and for an hour and a half I tossed in fitful sleep and getting up, went back to write again. The total of sleep I have had since Friday night is five hours, but I do not care. Why should I? The third act has gone splendidly—far better than any act I have ever done in any play.

And now the play is done. Done—finished—think what that means. The work is over. I have completed my task (the first part of it) and yet I can't but be a little sad. There is no joy that quite compares with writing, for it has qualities of singularity. I am a little sad and oh! so very weary, very tired. It is midnight now—sleep.

Wednesday, Tonight I had a flight with Ziegler at sun-October 9 down in old 328, which was on its last legs.

They are broken now, caved in. You see we had power enough to get in the air and at twenty-five feet she died and let me down. I saw a twelve-foot steel can buoy just ahead of me and as I wasn't keen about hitting that at sixty-five miles an hour I slued the machine violently to one side, missing the buoy (landed right beside it) and as I was skidding when I lit, wiped off the pontoons, broke wings, propeller, oh! a swell mess, but it couldn't be helped. We only got a swim.

Thursday, We're up and down and every way about October 10 Peace. It looks today like Germany is going to cave in—their press says—but it doesn't seem possible to me that they will have the good sense to give up now before they are invaded. The tide, however, has been most miraculously changed. Victory is in the air. It must be near at hand.

The play I've re-read entirely now. It does look promising. I'm due to start the tedious work now of rewriting and copying. Eh, bien! Let's go!

Also today I've been assembling my turbine. It will make, I think, a fair piece of machinery, for it is accurate to 1/1000 of an inch.

And best of all there's mail here from Mother and a few lesser lights. If Peace days are at hand! It was one year ago tonight that Phyl and Pete and I went out to drive, my last night at home! One year. And how I love them all.

Friday, A day of rain and wind and missing motors, October 11 not the sort of a day that one likes to fly.

Add to this a touch of grip and you'll have the reason for a rather uninteresting entry.

My main interest has been the movement of the Allied armies. The Hun is beating his trail to Berlin very enthusiastically.

To vary the monotony and because I like them, I went up to the British Consul (Mr. Hayes) for the evening and spent a quiet home hour of talking and danced a bit to the victrola. They are keen on the chances for Peace. I am hopeful but dubious, for it doesn't seem to me that Germany is enough defeated to admit it yet. Saturday, And I was wrong! I'd turned in early October 12 without supper, for the grip bothered me, when I heard bands, continuous cheering and fireworks. I learned from a passing Marine that it was because of a wireless message. So I got dressed and on inquiry heard that Germany had completely and utterly caved in! She accepts every demand of the Allies and asks for an armistice and peace! We've won!!!

What a mixture of emotions, joy surging, rising like intoxicating music—home, work again and love which is life, eagerness for an order to go back, and sorrow, almost misery that I have done no more in this war. I volunteered the first, was the first to go into Marine flying, a member of the first company to leave for foreign service—and here I've been. It's like a toast I gave later in the night at the Michaleuse Club—"Here's to the slackers and profiteers in the Azores, who didn't want to be slackers, and didn't want to be profiteers."

Sunday, All day the thoughts have been of Peace—October 13 for I am sure it impends. There are many things now to consider, for life rises and shapes itself. Business again—banking or playwriting, or again try to serve two masters at once. There is the dear family, Mother and Dad and Cath, so very dear to me, I like to write the words here.

All of life to love madly now, All of success to achieve, and again the high, keen, careless laugh of youth, the swing of it, the magnetism of a glance, all, all so indispensable, so young and free. I'm muddled about everything I want to do except one thing—I want first to laugh and love and live madly. Oh, freedom, Oh, wonderful youth—Peace!

Monday, And yet peace should not come now. Ger-October 14 many has done such hideous things, her crimes are so scientifically laid out, her search for power has taken all the joy out of the rest of the world. She is such a very great criminal that she must be made to suffer first, just as she made the world suffer. It isn't fair to make a peace when her cities are unruined, her fields fertile, her home population untouched by the reign of unspeakable terrors which she has thrust on the rest of Europe. I do not want revenge exactly, but this is higher than revenge. This is a just punishment—let her suffer as she has made others. The time is not yet ripe for peace—fight on. What's your answer, Mr. President?

Tuesday, Big events are happening in moments. WilOctober 15 son replies that no peace will be considered while military Germany rules and that the feeble changes in the Reichstag aren't guarantees. It is easy to see that the Hun hasn't learned his lesson of democracy. I doubt if there will be any peace so long as William II is on the throne.

Bestial Hun! He talks peace and humanity now because he is licked, but still sinks unarmed ships and shells defenceless lifeboats (he did it yesterday in the Irish sea), destroys every Belgian or French city he is forced to leave. How can such an enemy expect to be treated like an honorable foe at the peace table. It's unthinkable. He's a moron state. Treat him as a pervert, then.

Wednesday, I am cheated out of action if this war is October 16 called off. I volunteered the first and came into the Marines where action seemed certain. Then I was the first to enlist for aviation, which I wanted above all else and got, thinking that meant "fight."

And then I was a member of the first flying outfit in the Army, Navy or Marines to leave completely equipped for foreign service. And here I am and have been for ten months—a safe, useless little flyer, left on a dusty shelf in a forgotten corner. Life, adventure, the thrill of war goes on—and I am here, doing absolutely nothing. I am cheated, cheated. If peace is not declared, I am going to make one last effort and try to get Brewster to recommend my transfer to land flying. Then I will have done every single thing to fight.

Thursday, All week my spirits have been very low. I October 17 attribute this to two causes—the depression sure to follow a burst of intensive, exalted work, as my last week's play-writing, and the peace offered. I am surely low in mind.

We are spiritually like pendulums, who swing up high, very high, and inevitably swing back the same distance. Or, in other words, we always inevitably "pay the bill." Exaltation must be compensated. I am compensating now, twenty-hour hours a day.

And the influenza has us again. This time forty of seventy men are in the hospital and half of the rest are ill. I have escaped so far by luck and, I think, by not eating to excess. There is lots to be said for only two meals a day.

Friday, A fine example of heroism today. The October 18 Steamer San Miguel, which runs from Lisbon, came in with a tale. She is a 350-foot ship, carries about four hundred passengers as a rule, and is entirely unarmed. Two hundred miles away, when under "convoy" of a little 75-foot Portuguese gunboat, the San Castillo, she was attacked by a sub. The reason I quoted "convoy" was because the little Spic couldn't

convoy a cake of soap, having only two three-pounder guns (about the size of a shot-gun). The brave Spartan-like Teuton opened fire on the unarmed San Miguel with three 6-inch guns and the brave little gun-boat steamed to the sub, engaged it with his pitiful arms and fought for two hours while the San Miguel got away. The little Spic fought until he sank. A few men got away in a lifeboat. Valorous Hun!

Saturday, Another fine example of bravery today. A October 19 convoy of chasers and fuel ships came in, and later I saw five American sailors borne on stretchers to the hospital near my room. On inquiry I learned that they were burned in an explosion at sea, when their chaser was taking gasoline from the tanker Chestnut Hill. A wireless spark blew up their ship. Pieces of flaming wood got into the open hatch of the tanker where it was leaking gasoline so powerful that the fumes couldn't be breathed for long; and yet two men went down the ladder into that smear of gasoline and air and death and with bare hands threw those flaming sticks out. That is a matter of real heroism, I take it. All praise to them.

Sunday, The press news looks very much as though October 20 we might expect a continuation of the war for a long period, so I have put in my second application for a transfer to land combat fighting in France, and have been refused. The Major states that while he would like to see me get into action and believes I would make good at it, I couldn't be spared from this port now and that if he would forward it to Headquarters he would only get me in bad there. He has therefore torn it up. I have made every effort to get to France. I have done every single thing possible to offer my serv-

ices and my life. God! I am no slacker, and I don't want to miss out on the big things. Life isn't a soft thing. It's a mad "drink o' flame" and I am out of the greatest thing in the world, definitely out. I shan't try again for two months.

Monday, Influenza is raging here. Of our company October 21 of seventy, all but twelve are in the hospital, some of them pretty low. Joy and Embree are sick, so our officers are hit, too. We are shorthanded, but so far no dangerous conditions have come up. I pray to God that they may not. I love these men like friends. They must, they must be spared.

Tuesday, I put my model turbine together today and October 22 made various tests with it. To be frank, I was as proud of my work as a peacock of his tail. Funny thing, that, too. Odd how nature decorates the male in birds and animals that they may attract the much sought female and keep up the species, and man has reversed it, as we inconsistently reverse so many primal things. Our civilization demands that our female be ornate and lovely, and often gaudy, that she may attract the greatly sought male. Odd, but true.

But I've wandered. The turbine exceeded my brightest dream. At eight pounds of air pressure it turned up 1,000 revolutions per minute and at one hundred pounds of air it actually revolved 11,150 turns. That is a very fine performance indeed and I have done what I tried to do—made a creditable machine.

Wednesday, We live in a reign of terror. Simmons, October 23 Evans, Jay, Call, Stevens, Mann and more are in the greatest danger. We haven't enough men to handle planes and we have ceased flying.

Oh, the cloud of sorrow that hangs over us. The Portuguese are dying like flies, daily more. I spent the afternoon with the American sailors who were burned. Brave chaps. One of them had his leg amputated and without an anaesthetic, he was so weak. He said: "Give me a cigarette and cut it off." He is a frail little fellow, but laughs and grits his teeth when the pain gets him. Another has both legs broken and infected and burned. Another is just a mass of cotton from his waist to the top of his head, and so on. And they are getting well because they have so much courage and they will not give up. They smile (and tear my heart) and are living because they smile.

The town is ridden with pestilence, and Thursday. October 24 sad, sad stories reach us. In one home was found a mother and one child dead from plague and a smaller child dead from starvation. In a house the Americans entered was an old woman who had been dead two days. Tonight in a cold rain I saw a woman's figure crumpled on a doorway and couldn't raise her. I got a policeman (but eight are left out of a force of sixty) and we carried her to the hospital, nearly dead. She was a filthy, wretched old beggar, but she was a human being, and she had dropped down on that door sill in the rain and night to die, like a mangy and deserted dog. A thousand times a day I feel that my heart is so full it can't hold any more sorrow. All the medicines in the town are gone. Death stares thousands in the face.

Friday, But the heart must hold more. Corporal Evans, our dear Daddy Evans, died today, and tomorrow I will command the escort at his funeral. We—I—loved him and respected him. He

is the first of our little family to go. We are so closely knit that it is the loss of a friend indeed. But we need have no fear. The Being that put us here will cherish his clean, brave soul. All afternoon I have been at the different hospitals and at night, when I was all in, Brewster called me aside and hurriedly told me that he had just had word that Jay had cut his throat and jumped from a two-story window. Jay, laughing, good natured, fat Jay. We hurried to the hospital and saw him, a mass of blood and mangled flesh. He may live. There is a chance. God pity him—and us.

Saturday, At ten we held the funeral for Evans and October 26 at the grave of this man we loved were two Portuguese women (who surely never knew him) who giggled and talked all through the ceremony, and shrieked when we fired the volleys. I wanted to kill them—they have no place here—no place of honor such as was Evans.

Jay is very low and does not want to live. I can't make out whether it is delirium or a fixed purpose to die. But he hangs on. Life is tenacious surely. Again all the rest of my day I have been with the sick and the strain of this all is bearing down hard upon me. Sympathetic by nature and training (for I have seen so much suffering at home) it does not seem I can stand much more. But I can and will if need be; very much more indeed.

Sunday, Quartermaster Clark Jay died at an early October 27 hour this morning and tomorrow we will bury him, our mess-mate and friend. The thing was a terrific blow for me. He is gone; I can't realize it; and so many more in danger. And again all

day I have been at the hospitals, and always now I am sad, so very sad. Tonight the rain and the wind howls and fits my mood.

Monday, I have never hated any race as I do these October 28 hideous Portuguese. Today topped everything. We buried Jay beneath the flag he served, this afternoon, and there were hundreds of curious Spics who talked and shouted all through the services and had so little decency that they crowded up with craning necks to the very edge of the grave as the casket was lowered to rest. I could have brained every one of them with gladness, the ignorant, indecent lot of animals.

Perhaps our reign of terror is over. The rest of our men are improving and they say the ravages in the town are almost under control. Surely the thing couldn't be much worse. So many ideas of this thing death come over me. They are gone (hard as it is to realize). Where have they gone? Why were they here? What is it all about?

(END OF DIARY)





LIEUT. WALTER S. POAGUE

Punta del Gata, June 1918









Naval Base No. 13. Jan. 24, 1918.

My Dear Family:

Well, I'm here—safe at my destination. The long trip is safely over and you can't understand how glad I am to be here.

And here we stay. I went ashore yesterday and I am entranced—utterly in love with this land. Can you picture a curving bay of deep blue water with boats of every color moving about—then a quaint water front of huge old stone walls crowned with moss-covered marble arches, and the town-! Each house is a different color from its neighbors. This is typical-a house of pink with a green border all around its front, blue shutters and orange window frames. And every house is different. As the tones are delicate it combines to a picture I never shall forget. Then there are many lovely abodes, really palaces. The churches are beautiful and there are olive trees and oranges in bearing, stately pines, flowers, and the sidewalks are tiny black and white stones worked into intricate patterns. And over all a blue sky from "never, never land." In the background are great rolling hills rising up six thousand feet, and every foot of every precipitous hill under cultivation.

The town is about 25,000—has a theater as big as the Garrick, two big movies, etc. Conditions are nothing like Mexico. The streets have underground sewerage, are immaculately clean (Chicago could learn lots here), good electric lights, etc. The people are clean, prosperous and very courteous, and glad to see us. There is a

large and excellent hospital, everything, in fact, for comfort or safety. Every imaginable fruit, vegetable, meat or fish is for sale and ridiculously cheap—bananas four cents a dozen, oranges four dozen for twenty-five cents, five cents each for big pineapples!

Our camp site is in the town, a beautiful green park, overlooking the sea, our flying beach is in the harbor and our machine shop is to be in the most picturesque and lovely green and brown old fort you could imagine. We have running water, sewerage and electric light.

We will never be lonesome, for in addition to the many charming people in the town there are nearly twenty-five ships in the harbor, ships of every imaginable sort, description and size. The climate is ideal—it never gets below 50 or above 85, rains only often enough and is fanned by warm sea breezes. This is the largest city on the largest island and very modern.

So don't you think I am in the most wonderful luck in the world? Can this, this picnic really be going to war? It doesn't seem possible. You will appreciate that I cannot write definitely where I am or what our work is—anything, in fact, of a military nature. But then, that works no hardships, for you aren't interested in the military aspect of the matter.

You must all be very, very happy for my sake, dear family. I have a pleasant, easy life in prospect. I have a chance to do my share of this war as not one man in 10,000 has it. So my luck holds.

I should be able to send and receive mail about once in three or four weeks. I'd appreciate greatly about as many Pall Mall (or better, cork tip Melachrinos cigarettes, as they are cheaper and just as good) as you can send, but pack them very strongly in wooden boxes and mail them. I can't smoke these Spigotti cigarettes.

So much for now, my dears. I'll write again before the ship sails back.

Your delighted and affectionate son,

WALTER.

January 27, 1918.

Dear Family:

This place still grows on me. I went ashore this morning, first time in three days, as I've been dog tired unloading ship at night. Today I went out to our camp site which we will occupy in about three days more. It is a lovely, grassy meadow, really a level lawn in a park. It is located in a valley overlooking the warm blue sea, facing to the South.

We will live in tents, each officer having one to himself, with a sort of porch before it. I find lovely wicker furniture ridiculously cheap and am going to get some chairs and a wicker table. We'll all be wickedly comfortable, with electricity and running water. I'm anxious to get off the ship and get settled. I suppose another ten days must elapse before we really begin operating here.

There are a great many men here of all nationalities—a nice British Navy man in here for dinner tonight. I believe I'm going to find a great deal of pleasant occupation here in the way of diversions and also will do a lot of work. I'm sure of that.

The money here is funny—coinage very small and has a large purchasing power. For instance, my pay amounts to \$204.00 a month, which is 408,000 riis. Doesn't that sound big? I'm planning to send to Dad \$100.00 on the first of this month and hope to send \$150.00 a month after this. That will probably go back on this ship.

You must always think of me as being very happy here and well located. I really have but one regret and that is that I am here—so very safe, while all my pals are in the trenches doing more dangerous work. I feel almost like a slacker. But I have the consolation of knowing that I didn't apply for this—that I volunteered for anything going.

I want, since I am here, to dispel entirely any fear from your minds. You need have no fear but that when this war is over I will be home to you safe and well and anxious to take up my work where I left it off, but more mature and better fitted to do the work well.

This letter is written under the difficulty of having others around and also of not feeling like writing, but I hear rumors of a ship to-morrow and I want to talk to you.

I wish you would call up Pete and tell him I am writing and give him my love.

Nothing new has materialized except that we have been very busy unloading the ship. It is hard, slow work, as we are too deep to get up to the dock and so have to get everything out into lighters, which are quite small.

There is an unlimited quantity of native liquor to be had here—mostly wines. Some are said to be very good, but I don't believe they'll go well with my job, so I'm laying off. Somebody said yesterday, "Strong! Say, this native liquor is strong, believe me. There are more animals in it than in a zoo and it tastes good right up to the time it kills you outright."

We get very little news here and have no idea of the progress of the war. Honestly it feels like another world, a soft, pleasant, easy world which I'd never found but

in my dreams. It is a world of warm sun and balmy June breezes, of blue skies, blue sea and lovely vistas.

It must seem to you as it does to me that this is a poor letter. I've not written you more because on the way over it was too rough, we were all too tired, and since getting here we've been too awfully busy. At night I've just rolled into bed and slept.

This is the second long letter, however. But you can't tell, this may reach you first. Mail is curious now, of course. I nearly sent a letter to you today by a ship bound for France, thinking it might reach you first. You see, I found I couldn't get a cable by the censor. But I suppose headquarters has long ago notified you of our arrival here.

Take good care of yourselves, my dears. I haven't anything else in the world but the three of you and all the big things I hope to do in the years to come would be flat and useless if I can't lay any success I have in your arms. So you see you've got to take good care to be waiting for me well, happy and anxious when I do finally come home again to you.

I'm looking forward to your letters and I'm using mental telepathy all the time to try to make you know that I am safe and well and so that you won't be worrying uselessly all this time that I am perfectly safe. Worry is such a needless thing—you must curb it as I have done.

I'll write you much better letters when I get really settled down to living. Writing now is like trying to write on the night one moves into a new apartment.

So here goes all my love, dear people—every bit of it. I love you and want you always, all of the time, to know that.

Your devoted,

WALTER.

My Darling Family:

As we're not ready on the beach to begin actual work yet, we officers in the last week have had a good deal of time to ourselves and I have hired an excellent horse for \$1.00 a day. Sometimes he costs me \$2.00—business methods are rather sketchy here—but that's cheap enough. I'm finding I can ride pretty well and I've (with another officer) explored parts of the country rather thoroughly.

The roads are excellent, all stone, and run between high stone walls covered with moss, but not so high one can't see over them on a horse. The roads are all lined everywhere with the old walls which are evidently defensive, or rather were a century ago, for they are pierced with narrow slits for musketry fire. The place has a curiously mixed population, Portuguese, Moorish, Spanish. Dutch, French, and each leaves some trace. The churches and arched gateways over the roads at each little village are decidedly Moorish, while a great many hills are capped with true Dutch windmills. I dismounted at one the other day and went into it. It was a curious affair, ponderous millstones above, which ground the corn, and below, the hopper into which the meal fell. It rumbled and creaked as it turned, as if its centuries had given it all the rheumatism of the ages.

Perhaps you wonder at my talking. I find to my great surprise that I can get along very well indeed in any subject with my French, which many people here speak. I have also a smattering of Spanish and some Latin. With the educated, I speak only French and that at every opportunity. I want to learn it never to forget it. With the uneducated I mix up French, Spanish, Latin and English, and by using my hands get on fa-

mously. Fortunately, I believe I have a natural gift for languages and in a few months will be well up in Portuguese and French.

The beauty of these scenes is still a source of wonder to me. Monday, while riding, I turned a corner (I was in the hills). Before me was the road which made a sharp turn and to my view was ended by a high brown stone wall, spotted and capped with moss. At my left was a marvelous pink and white stone church with broad white steps coming down to the road and a fountain, at my right a picturesque green and yellow and blue house. Over the top of the wall rose a majestic pine tree of a formal looking sort which grow here—just one alone. Behind the tree and in the distance was the green cultivated land, falling away to the blue bay, and on the far side of the bay arose the lovely green mountains capped just at their tips with clouds, and over all the bright blue sky, warm and deep and wonderful as a dream. Do you wonder that I love it, and the more when every fresh glance reveals some other wonder!

I've been meeting some of the better class of the local people and last evening went with three other officers to the home of Signor Vasconces for a musical and dance. The houses are high, rather mid-Victorian in their effect within. But the courtesy (the hospitality) here is beautiful. It is so complete as to be almost unpleasant. For instance, there were forty Portuguese and four Americans, and they had marked each of the plates on the buffet for a really amazingly large supper with little flags telling in English the nature of the food. Wasn't that charming? The music was good and I danced once, but can't say I like this hippety-hop style of dance. And while the men here are handsome, often distinguished looking, the women all seem to be utterly

mongrel—they look fat, coarse, as if breeding was unknown.

Feb. 9th, early.

I was interrupted last night by several officers who dropped in and talked until it was too late to write more.

We've gotten up at six and had exercises and a run with the men and had breakfast, so now I'm ready for the day.

Yesterday afternoon I met a couple of artillery officers of the Portuguese army and with them went through a big, old and now utterly obsolete fortress. Fancy, it has a drawbridge and a moat like those in King Arthur's time. The officers are young men of excellent family and invited me to go out with them and offered me a horse to ride at any time, as they had some extra ones. Wasn't that lucky? They didn't know much English, but we got on all right in French.

I've also been given cards to the best clubs here, which are really pretty fair, and have been invited to a grande ball tonight which I don't think I shall attend. But you see we're being kindly received and have plenty of amusement.

You will be glad to know that I am now able to censor my own mail and that no other person sees it. Your letters also will, I am sure, be uncensored. This is pretty positive, but at all times refrain from putting anything in your letters such as even *guessing* at my present location.

I've written you three letters and suppose they will arrive in topsy-turvy order. To date I haven't gotten any letters, but expect some this week. They'll be very welcome, as will the "Tribune." If it should have slipped your mind, please do send it.

Home is a pretty dear place. We all, here, I think,

dream of home very often—home. I'd love to see it again, but I am better off here. I couldn't be content at home if my friends were off at the war.

Keep your hearts high. God is good and luck is with us. So here's a big hug and a kiss from

Your devoted,

WALTER.

Tuesday, Feb. 19, 1918.

And last Sunday! After riding for hours, Lieut. Shealy and I were far in the country and hungry. Then we passed between some high walls, pink and with, in one, an old green door and a green, weather-beaten knocker. And above this wall we could see great roses in bloom, and oranges. After knocking without answer, we tied our horses to the knocker and climbed the wall. The summons was too strong. And then we dropped down ten feet-into fairyland. Will you picture a garden of walks, mouldy and green, hedges uncut and yet lovely, green grass new like ours in May where great lilies grew wild, and over the walks, arching above like a fairy bower, red rose bushes twenty-five feet high. And there was an old abandoned fort covered with flowers and orange trees-such oranges-red, sweet and as big as your two hands. Neglected and lovely this paradise lay. It seemed as if it had been made for lovers who, after coming here, had been too happy in their love to prune or mow and had just laughed and sung until their joy had permeated everything. What a fairyland, and this blue, blue sky above!

So here goes my heart and love. I'll be with you all tonight in my dreams, as usual. No tent is merely a tent. It may be a fairy palace if there's just the heart

and the will to dream true, beautiful dreams within it.

So dear family, goodnight, or rather "hello" for a little while from

WALTER.

On Foreign Service. Your Birthday.

My Darling Mother:

Although this is really written on the eleventh of June, still I date it your birthday, for it is the letter I would have written to you yesterday had not the extreme work of two court-martial cases to prepare left me so flattened out when night came that I hadn't the will left to write. But it's your birthday letter all the same, for there are things in it I've been saving to write for a long time.

All of your birthday I've been thinking of you. You've been so very close to me! Dear Mother, how I love you. Always I've loved you, but some way the last months have brought you closer to me than ever. Little things come into my mind, our drive in the snow when we got the new car Christmas Eve, a dinner you and I had with 'Gene and his mother, how we sat on the grass together at Washington, our walks in the woods at Quantico—and other things 'way back to the time when I sat on your lap a very little boy and we both cried as you cut off my baby curls. Oh, I love you so, my dear. You fill my life with your love and goodness and courage. You're such a little mother and you've been so very brave. It doesn't seem possible some way.

And all those days will come again. I have a belief, a "hunch" if you will, that has grown to amount to a certainty that I will be spared and will come back to you sound and well when it is all finished. I have wanted to

tell you this and I want you to believe it. I am very sure it is true, so many things make me think so. And if you believe it as I do, you will find the separation so much easier. And it is true. And when I come back, I shall, as I have told you before, devote my whole life to making you and Dad and Sis happy—and you know I can do that.

You write so often of the war using the phrase "this terrible war." And I have wanted to tell you about that. To my way of thinking this is not a "terrible" war. It is the most *glorious* war in all of the history of man and I want you to think of the causes for my saying that. To tell you why is a long story—but when you have finished, I am sure a new conception of it all will come to you and you will feel glad—as I do.

Let's begin by looking at mankind. We say we're civilized. But we're not. We are barbarians, with the thinnest coating of veneer. Any race which tolerates a devastation from war is barbaric. We are selfish, cheap, unformed. But we are approaching civilization, we live in the twilight when shadows are long and fearsome, just before the dawn of civilization. A few years will see the light. The first rays are visible now.

Europe, Asia, Africa are the scene of every former attempt of man to reach civilization. Babylon, China, Tyre, Egypt, Greece, Rome—each has been an attempt, each had neared a civilization which in parts was superior to ours and each has failed. Each has been in its turn overwhelmed by reactionary spirits as Rome was by Attilla's hordes, and has failed and left behind a mass of ruins. Our civilization is but for the last seventy-five years the remnant of Roman culture. Can you doubt it? Our laws are based on Roman law, our language largely upon Roman tongue, our government even in part, why we

have even forced our children to learn its dead, decaying tongue.

But each of those others was founded in one respect on a vastly different and infinitely smaller foundation. They were civilizations of a small class who secured the leisure for education and thought by virtue of the labors of slaves. And that was as true of England in 1830 (when there were no real slaves) as it ever was of Athens. Now that is all changed.

In most countries of the world, 90% of the people can read and write. Think what that means: 90% of them can read the words put down by the great minds of history. They can every one of them dream and think of the millenium they want on earth. The laborer is no more a driven slave. He may arise as Lincoln or Lloyd George to lead a nation, he collects into groups so powerful that a country like ours has to consult his will. And that is as it should be. For witness what he is doing to further this war. He is going in millions to fight and die for an abstract ideal—but here's the point, it's his ideal, it's his wish for civilization, for freedom, for democracy. It's no fine thinking of a few. It's the mighty will of millions. Don't you see the difference?

And that has all been done by one thing—the advent of machinery. There is food enough and fuel enough to keep everyone in the world fed and clothed and warmed and machinery has made it possible to do all that with still plenty of leisure in each day for all. Think of it, no one works in America more than eight hours a day unless they want to. The rest of the time he can read and play and learn. And if you doubt that, just visit the Public Library and look at the teamsters and clerks and machinists there.

But machinery has done two other wonderful things.

First, it has made the world small—one-tenth the size it was. Four days across the Atlantic—it was forty in 1830 and it will soon be eighteen hours. Why, Charleston, South Carolina, was farther from New York in the early days of 1861 than London now is from New York. It was farther from Philadelphia to Denver in 1840 than it is now from Boston to Hong Kong. In other words, the world was a big place then and each country was a separate world. Now? Now it is so little that each country is right next door to every other one and they're not separate states any longer. They'll soon be all together, adjoining states in the one great country of the world.

Secondly, machinery has made all the world think alike. A mangy prince is killed in a little unknown town in the Balkans at night and the next morning in every country of the world hundreds of millions of people read it in their papers. Wilson has a splendid sight into the future and tells an audience of congressmen of it and by magic under the sea and through the air go his words until a minute later the farthest corners of the earth know his word and with him dream his splendid dream and start about making it true.

To sum up, then, we have the basis for a real civilization in which every man can have his share of happiness. We have the chance for a world state with separate countries dwelling together in harmony and eternal peace as do Maine and California. We have knowledge spreading to all and all the people in the world ruling themselves. We have leisure for art and beauty and happiness for all people. In other words, dear Mother, we have the millenium—the heaven upon earth—and it is all at hand. This last, best, finest civilization based on

the lasting happiness and love of all people is just approaching.

But one great reactionary factor steps in. As of old the Hun came down from the forests, so Germany has intervened. In Germany is still the old autocracy. It is the few taking ease at the advantage of the many. It is the ancient, feudal theory of "might makes right"—and that was known for a fallacy before Xenophon was born. But this modern Hun has with diabolical cleverness combined ancient prejudicial ideals with the modern things of efficiency. But he's the Hun none the less.

As he saw his world changing, his power fading, he put up a fight. And it was inevitable that he would. Like a dirty little tenement kid he howled when the world wanted to wash his face. And he's still howling.

So here is the reason it's a glorious war: with him defeated the world will in a decade emerge a marvelous new place to live in. There is a heaven coming to us. Freedom, peace for large and small, democracy, knowledge, beauty, happiness—it's coming.

If he should win, you will see civilization set back a thousand years. You would see this latest, best attempt of man fail and you would see war after war, and each more awful until the last, a war from the air, would destroy everything of civilized man. Man would revert to a hunted animal with feudal barons, and civilization would do as it has always done before, go back to barbarism.

But this time it cannot happen. The whole world beginning with the man with the hoe wants it and he WILL have it. He cannot fail. And it will all come from America. It is our ideals, our government, our peace which will lead and the man who will decide will be Wilson. Do you remember Tolstoi's prophecy which

you and I read so long ago—"the scholar at the peace board who should lead the nations to peace eternal"?

This is not a terrible war. It is the most wonderful war in the world. It is the war which means the real salvation of the world.

Why, Mother, what do a million or ten million lives amount to when it is eternal peace as a prize? It's cheap, cheap. And though it may be hard for you who give so much, you must forget and rejoice in the glory of the result. I deem it a privilege to fight in such a war even if it takes valuable years. We are the truest Crusaders who ever lived. Don't you see? This is my real birthday present to you—this is my gift. That you may understand the reason for it all as I see it and be calm and confident, secure and happy in the time it is being sought.

And there are other things, notably the liberation it all is to woman. This war is freeing women from a slavery as old as man. Women are to come into their own. It is a huge, a tremendous, marvelous thing for women and worth while if only for that alone. Big days are coming and it is sister's generation who shall make the change. Then there's the brotherhood of it. Why, in America today you are going hungry that England and Portugal, France and Greece, Ireland and Italy may be fed, and you are doing it *voluntarily*. If you could see the people as I have, getting American flour at cost price in the States without any pay for freight, you'd know what I mean. Why, they love the Americans. They love us.

So it's all magnificently, tremendously worth while. It's all right! Never fear the outcome. Germany is making a tremendous last effort. It is the powerful clutch of the drowning man as the waters close over him. He may gain, but he is paying. The Allies could at any

time have gained the same, but they wisely refused to pay. His losses are staggering. He must win now and he cannot and he knows it. He may take Paris. I doubt it, but it is a chance. That means nothing. Understand me, nothing. He can not win. And you may believe me, a quick collapse will come when he and his people to the last man know it. You doubtless know more than we do here, but we are delighted with the moves of the Allies. They are making him pay as no race or army ever paid. He cannot stand it. It is the last struggle, the last battle of the war, and it will continue until he gives in. Forget the ground gained. Any army can push back an opponent if they are willing to sacrifice enough men.

But I've said before this what I really wanted to say to you. The war is right and magnificent and final and you *must* see it as I do and be glad, glad, glad with me. Our lives are small compared to all eternity.

I have had many splendid letters from you all. You make me happy by them. I am continued well and fairly well content.

Summer has come down on us with beautiful, cloudless days when it is quite warm and nights cooled by the sea until a blanket is always necessary. It is a beautiful place, but a very quiet one socially. However, the days do pass and each one brings me nearer to peace and home and you.

I love you with all my heart, dear little Mother. God keep you well and strong for me and may this next year see you safe in my arms for keeps.

Since this is my letter to you, you alone, I will only mention dear Dad and Sis. For them, too, is all my love—but their letters come at another time.

Dear little Mother, smile much even if you have to force it. God has always been tremendously good to our

family—do you think that He will desert us in this time of greatest stress? I know you don't. So smile, dear, all's right with the world.

From your lover with every bit of love for you, dear Mother,
YOUR BOY.

June 18, 1918.

## Dear Family O'Mine:

As there's a chance of mail going West in a few hours, I want to catch it with a letter to you. You see, I usually (invariably, I mean) get one off to you on every ship. And as this may be only a rumor, it may not get out for some days.

Everything here is delightful now—blue Summer days and always cooled by the sea breezes. Every night one needs a blanket-two last night. The good weather has given us the chance for lots of flying and we're making the most of it. I feel now very much at home in a machine and really wonder how I ever thought it was difficult to fly one; everything is as automatic now as driving a car used to be. But the love of the air grows. There's a fascination about it that's unquestionable, and then there's the unspeakable beauty of it all. I can't describe the wonder of the sunrise high over the deep blue of the sea, with the clouds close over your head rushing out of the dawn in rose and purple and white. It's all so clean up there, unbreathed air, away from all the petty, insignificant things of earth—I love it. That's all.

War seems infinitely remote here. The band plays in the plaza, the crowds stroll by laughing and well-fed, the dogs bark just as joyously. Last Sunday was beautiful, a cool, blue, clean Summer day. At about six

o'clock the band started (a very good band, too), and it all seemed very like a city. Then at eight, just before sunset, one of our aeroplanes came into sight 'way high over the square—War and Peace—it was very dramatic. The band stopped just then and there were the murmurs of the crowd and the distant hum of the motor and right then the big bells of the Cathedral on one side of the square rumbled out the "Angelus." It was very lovely.

I've been getting into a little better shape lately, as our life is too easy. To do this, I've been taking a run across the hills to the next town, four miles distant and back. It pretty well flattens me out, but each day less so and it is doing me good. You see I've not been getting nearly enough exercise, so this fixes things. Fancy going to war and getting fat!

A year ago the day after tomorrow I left home to go to Winthrop. Does it seem possible that I've been away for a year and only been back one day? Time seems to have torn by in a furious rush since then. Why, I've been here nearly six months! It all seems very odd and unreal. Memories are blessed. I have the most perfect pictures of you all in my mind. Sometimes as I lie waiting for sleep, I go in imagination into every room in the house, touch each piece of furniture, talk to each of you. I remember everything so perfectly, in such minute detail. I believe I could describe every single thing in the house—that's funny, isn't it? For you see I've not been homesick for you all in the blind sort of way of boyhood. Not at all. I am lonely for you, for I love you so greatly, but it's not exactly homesickness, either. Funny!

These years of war are making me lose valuable time; they're also making me stop to think of things. I'm getting older and I'm getting a lot more sense. After all, I shouldn't much wonder if the whole thing would be well

worth while for me. This war is the most splendidly worth while thing the world has seen in centuries!

Something funny! The dogs, and one in particular, an especially gay rounder who stays up all night, have been having revival meetings around my quarters. It's bad enough to have some gay dogs waking you up at two A. M. one night, but it becomes old stuff (and bad stuff) when it happens every night. About the smallest possible hour they set out and gallop around, raising the merry devil. So at last, the old patience exhausted, I sprang out like Paul Revere in the moonlight and grabbed the very excellent 45 automatic pistol which Uncle Sam gave me and leaned out of the window. The whole pack were down the block a few hundred feet singing the Anvil Chorus and I barked at them. Can you picture it. my pajamas flapping about bare legs, pistol held boldly in sight, leaning over the iron railing at the French window "bow-wow-wowing" to a lot of pups? It was funny. They heard it and came merrily, all yelping, and when they got right by me I let 'em have it. BANG! Gee, that gun sounded loud in that narrow little street at that hour of night. The dogs (I missed 'em all) turned in mid-air and beat it as fast as they could go (and that was pretty rapid) in the other direction. From that day, not one of 'em has barked here.

But here's the rest of it. A town policeman was taking his evening sleep against my building in the shadow and I didn't see him. He let out a yell when that gun went off over his head that echoed against the hills and dragged out his silly little sword. I told him I was having target practice on dogs and went to sleep.

Next day the American Consul told me the Chief of Police wanted to see me on the charge of disturbing the peace (I certainly disturbed the peaceful rest of one member of his force). I was sort of worried, for I didn't want to get in bad here, although they couldn't arrest me. I went to his office about 4 P. M. and expected to find the usual American chief, fat, tough, and a bully. This was a pleasant surprise. He is a polished gentleman who said he called me to ask if I could describe the dogs to have them killed. Which as the fellow says, "I done." The mayor also came in and we three sat and talked, had smokes and wine for an hour. Now that's the way I like to get pinched. All told, I had one peach of a time. But—I don't think I'll shoot at any more dogs.

There's not a thing in the world I want but some Melachrino cigarettes and a subscription to "The International Studio" magazine. Will you? Thanks. And write, all of you.

Yours,

WALTER.

Here in the back yard of the world with the gate locked.

July 11th, 1918.

My Dear Family:

I suppose that in all the long weeks which have intervened you have worried yourselves ill, in spite of my warnings to you not to do so. If you have, it serves you right, for there is absolutely nothing for you to worry about. In the slight chance of anything ever happening to me, you would be notified within 48 hours by cable from Washington; in other words, weeks before my letters could stop.

The simple fact of it all is that it has now been over seven weeks since there has been a ship in with mail—a deplorable state of affairs, and in the absence of any news from home, it is hard to write interesting letters. is especially so because of the calm and uneventful life we lead. In other words, things here are deadly dull with nothing to break the monotony. I fly about once a week, and that and my duty once in a while on the courtmartial work are all I have to do. Life continues a drab. grey thing with the only interest mail from home, and when you go over seven weeks without a bit of that, you lose interest and don't care whether it ever comes. We know that things are going splendidly at the war for we are well informed as to the real state of things by the wireless press daily received from England, France, Italy, America and Germany. We have in fact such a great mass of stuff every day that it is tiresome to read it all, so we glance through most of the typewritten sheets and only actually read the articles of especial interest. And while I am on the subject, let me say that it seems to me that the war is progressing better than we had any right to expect. The Germans are utterly unable to believe that we have in France now over a million men, and their valuable days are being spent in trying to prepare an offensive to crush through while every day we are getting stronger. Their big drive has failed miserably and the southern front is coming to life in an unexpected way. When the story of this war is written, I am sure we will find that the very most dangerous time to the Allied cause was last Spring in Italy. German propaganda had about polished them off, and had come dangerously near to forcing them to a peace. If that had happened, God help us! It is settled now, and I am sure will result soon in a tremendous success. I still think as I did when home last Fall that the royal road to Berlin is from the South from Italy. I am quite confident that a year more will see the finish, and little old me on my way home. I should not be surprised if it came sooner, say this Winter.

The band in the plaza outside my window has struck up just now, all very merry and Summerlike. It is about six o'clock and they play there in the evenings for a couple of hours. There are really a million places infinitely worse than this to go. We have about two days of rain in a fortnight, so the effect we get is of always bright days, and yet we have enough rain to keep everything delightfully green. The sunsets are among the most beautiful things I have ever seen, and from an aeroplane poised half way between sea and the twilight clouds, the effect is something marvelous. This, you know, is a temperate land, at least as regards climate (not liquor—far from it, every shop, be it dry goods, shoes, harness or a grocery, sells booze, which I have let alone as have all the other officers; it doesn't mix well with aeroplanes).

This temperate climate gives us things to eat which you will not believe. We have three times a day strawberries, with every one of them larger than plums. I have seen hundreds as large as a small peach and they are so sweet that we seldom use sugar. We eat them on a fork, and there are usually three bites to a berry. The tomatoes are six inches across and very sweet, and we have once or twice a day tomatoes, cucumbers, onions, radishes—oh, it is pleasant enough that way. The next month will give us apples, grapes, peaches—all the autumn fruits—and in addition we have always the local oranges and bananas, mangoes, etc. All these are very cheap; these wonderful strawberries, for instance, enough for our family for a meal, nine cents.

It is in the amusement end that this place is desolate. There are three English families here, and we go there once in a while for an evening, but they aren't especially

interesting. We have three movie shows which operate so that there is one open each night, but they are really terrible, for the pictures are four years or more old and have been run so much that they are terribly scratched and have broken and been patched so many times that the pictures jump about like a flea. There is also a traveling theatrical company here now, but they act only drama and in Portuguese, too, so it is an approximate zero in entertainment. My evenings I usually spend with Mat Terry and Captain Brewster in Terry's room, which adjoins mine, where he has a piano, and Brewster plays a mandolin. Then, Brewster, who is a very charming man and an old Marine officer, although only about thirty, tells us amazing yarns of China and the Far East where he has served a lot. Or I play chess with Shealy or Boynton. Then, too, I read a great deal. Time passes some way. But it is the lack of amusement which hurts, and think of my kicking about lack of amusement in war! I suppose the human animal never knows when he is well off.

Great things have happened here. They found that the station was too large and about a third of the company are going back on the first ship, among them Rollin Harger, who will come to see you when he gets leave to come to Chicago, which may be some months or only a few weeks. His family can, of course, tell you all about that. He is recommended for a commission, and is going to the school at Quantico, where I was. He is a fine fellow and will have a lot of stuff to tell you. Evans and five officers are also going back. I had of course hoped that I might get back, too, but things don't always work out as we hope. I could indeed be in a much worse place than this, and from some of the dope that the other officers are handing about, they are in for a much less

desirable job. So perhaps it is just as well. You'll understand that I can't tell you more. It means that under Brewster, whom I like greatly and respect, we will have a much more pleasant time of it. He is an all around man and believes in having as good a time as is consistent with the work in hand. Among the other things which he is planning are some hunting trips, some deep sea fishing expeditions (we have a fine big boat here), a long cross-country hike on foot to study the customs and manners of the people, and the scenery, which as I have told you is beautiful, this show of mine, oh, quite a lot of diversion. It really looks like a fine new era of things. But it means, without a doubt, that I am due for at least another six months here before relief or home leave. very possibly more. I expect that January will see me back in the States, but would most strongly tell you not to count on it a bit.

There are a lot of things to recommend this place. It is healthy, clean, easy (too easy), a wonderful place to save in, and a good place to write. As soon as I have finished this play, which is in a few days, I am starting on another one, like "Turn to the Right" or "It Pays to Advertise," and which I am going to call "Butter Side. Up." It's a very merry little story of a tango crook who gets drafted and what happens to him—I think will be three acts. I wonder what luck, if any, you've had with my short story. As I re-read it the other day, I found so many faults with it that I shall not be surprised if it is not bought, but, please Dad, send it around just as I asked you to so that I may give it a fair chance.

A while back Terry and Shealy and I hired a car and drove one Sunday to some celebrated hot springs not very distant, about thirty miles. The drive was lovely—picture a clear blue day, the white stone road, at one time

down in a valley skirting the sea and at the next instant high up over the ocean a thousand feet with a sheer drop down to the water below. The mountains are wooded and in one place we went through dense cedar forests, the first I had ever seen, and they were very majestic, so tall and sedate. The drive is really a most remarkable thing for beauty. At intervals of about ten miles were towns, stuck against the side of the hills and, as all these towns are, of all the colors of the spectrum glistening against the dark green of the hills. We were even above the clouds twice. Then at a considerable height, we turned away from the sea inland and wound about at the base of the mountains (and yet we were at an altitude of 1.500 feet) until we came along the side of a beautiful lake with great hills all about it and a tiny little church on the shore of the lake at the base of the hills. I took a lot of pictures of these things and will send them in the next letter, as they are not yet developed. After leaving the lake we went winding in and out and all over until after climbing continuously we topped a mountain and there before us spread out was the valley we sought. green, with the white and colored houses dotting it, and steam rising in clouds from the hot springs. We circled about and at last dropped down into the valley where we found a street parade due. These Catholic countries have parades all the time. This was something very holy, I think, for they had (the peasants, that is) cut hundreds and thousands of flowers of all sorts off close up under the bud and had made intricate patterns of them in the street. They had also taken bushels of the petals and had spread them out in the complicated designs such as fleur-de-lis and Maltese crosses, etc., and had placed in the borders between the tiny leaves, making a green border for each pattern. The flowers when used were all

small like violets, nothing coarse or large. It was most lovely, as you can imagine, and I have a good picture of a street. I'll send that later, also, as I have to have it printed. After dinner, which was very good and at a good hotel, we went to the celebrated hot sulphur baths and baked out for a while in a large lava tub for each bather. The water is sulphur and iron and comes out of the ground boiling, but I wasn't wild about the baths. The hot springs were most interesting and bubbled and roared and splashed and smelt as if they were in a very bad humor. There is a stream where they catch fish and within ten feet is a hot spring where you can cook your fish, still on the hook. As this was the first time I'd ever seen such things, I was really interested.

That reminds me. There is an interesting bit of superstition growing up in the town in which I took some . pictures. The peasants are, of course, very superstitious, and there is a little girl there born of peasant parentage who they claim is a saint. She is, I suppose, neurotic, but they say she goes out into the woods and sees visions of the Virgin Mary. They say that she asked the Virgin how long the war would last and that she got the answer "Four months." The other children all go out in the rain and get wet and she goes with them and comes home untouched by water. The peasants hold that she is sacred and if she touches a flower or a stone, that object is sacred and they put it away as a thing to be worshiped. As a matter of fact, there is said to be a very curious belief in this child, not only by the peasants, but by the educated class as well, and I had an educated English woman here, the wife of the British Consul, tell me that she fully believes that the little girl has supernatural powers. Well, we'll see how her prophecy about the war comes out. That was made, I think, about June.

This letter has stretched itself out to a great length. I suppose you are weary from reading it. The last I wrote was about the fifteenth of June, so I really owed you a long letter. But as I say, it is hard to write often when there is nothing in the world to write about. Well, I am told that we are to get our mail a lot more regularly from now on, so that will give me something else again.

Please give all of my love to all my friends and relatives (that is to those of my relations I like), and you each one of you know how very much I love you.

I suppose your letters will say something about wanting to send me a birthday present. I don't know if you can get anything through the mail without having an order from me. I really need nothing that I haven't got here, but I know you will want to send me something, and I will want it, too, if only as a reminder of the love which I know you never let lag. So I am sending a request in blank, for you to fill in on a typewriter with the article you want to send me. I hope it gets through all right, the request, I mean.

Well, dears, I must stop this somewhere and get it into an envelope if it will go. I haven't the faintest idea when it will get away from here; it may be soon, it may be a month or so. At all events, the main thing is, I love you each one so much that it hurts and I know you love me the same way. Keep your hearts high, don't worry about me, and keep well, so that we may all have that happy reunion in the days to come.

Your devoted

WALTER.

Dear Family:

Well, it's my birthday and I've grown into 27 over night—why it feels like I might almost be beginning to grow up, if that were possible. But it isn't. I'm just a boy and I expect I'll be that way at sixty or so. I'm a lot younger today than when I entered college. What a grown-up, sedate old man I was then. And each year since then I've grown younger. Why, if I keep up at this rate, I'll be using a teething ring and swaddling clothes at forty. Do you mind the juvenility of my spirit? I don't, not a bit. In fact I like it—I get so much more fun out of life.

You've been thinking of me all day. I know that, and the first thing I thought of when I opened my eyes was how Mother always came in and kissed me on my birthday and said "A happy birthday, dear son," and then usually we had a fine old talk before breakfast. I knew you'd be thinking of that, Mother, and I was with you, as always, you see. I've missed you all terribly today, not sadly, but just that I've wanted to see you all. I've not mentioned it to the men here. One doesn't, in the Service.

What has the last year done to or for me? It's pretty hard to total up the column of figures, you see one's nose is so close to the page you can't get a perspective. Putting on my far-seeing glasses, and doing the best I can, I think the year has been a valuable one for me. I have learned a lot in it, not definite things to recite in a class room, but inarticulate things like poise, and control, and a deeply rooted self-assurance that I can go farther than most men because I feel more sensitively and see straighter and clearer at a greater distance. Imagination is a tremendously valuable thing, but it makes one suffer,

too. I wouldn't take anything in the world for my imagination. And I've learned a lot from reading, too—an awful lot. And I've learned a whole pile about human nature which used to be a closed book shut up in a trunk to me. That's helpful. Perhaps the value of the year lies mostly in its worth as a resting place—a stone by the roadside on which I've sat and meditated and refined my spirit.

I've been watching life go by for a year and I've speculated a good deal upon it. We're just ugly, squawking little animals squeezed out of an oblivion and dropped here to run a certain course and mature, breed and, fading away, drop back into those same vast silences. I've wondered why of it all. And I've rebelled. I will not be but a casual weed to scatter pollen on the wind and wilt back to the earth. I've got a fire and an imagination that must solve for me the riddle. To mature, breed and die! An animal or an ovster can do that. Can't man do more? The huge forces which put us here have given man a brain and soul. What are they to be used for? I'm sure that in the main they only make for unhappiness as mostly used-the calf or dandelion is more content than we humans are. What is the use to which this marvelous tool, the human mind, is to be put? I've sat on my rock this year and watched life throng by on the high road, dusty, weary, lying, stealing with unthinking eyes cast downward sadly on the road beneath their plodding feet and I've been pitying them and angry with them. And then once in a while some dreamer has come by with head thrown back and laughing eyes searching out the beauties of the sky and lips singing gaily, and then the pity for the rest for what they lose and the anger that they won't TRY has grown the bigger. And the riddle is unsolved. The crowd flows on from nowhere into

nowhere, snarling, stealing and weary. For them it isn't worth the walk. They don't ever see the beauty, for they won't look up and away to the mountains. What is it all for?

I have no solution. Obviously we can't be here through chance—the machinery of life is too complex and perfect for that. And although any God I could worship would have a sense of humor, still it smacks too much of a dirty trick for Him to put us here as a practical joke. So why is it?

I could stutter and fool about all day, but I'd come no nearer to it. To grasp such a huge idea is too large for me. It would be like giving an ant an apple to take home. The best that I can do is to take the little thing I have at hand and do my darndest with it. I mean that it seems to me that I've got a certain sincerity of vision which can make others happy and if I do what I can (which will be very little, but something) to make the world sing as it trudges along, I'll be satisfied. I'd define my means just as I did when out of college, a banking job to make their burdens easier, some beautiful buildings to build that they may live with happiness and comfort, some honest plays that they may laugh and weep a little and maybe sometimes even think. That's all, not much, but it means a full life. Oh, I can sing, dears; I've got the music in my heart and I can make others sing with me.

Wow—that's been an exposition. I've felt like that—and I feel it truly. And this war is well in line with my desires. We'll take the weight off the necks of half the world—but we've got to beat them to their knees before they'll let us help them. Isn't that a ridiculous thing?

I've had no mail for some weeks, so I haven't heard from you, but I have had a birthday present today. I had to get it myself. Listen: here's my present, after

four months or so in these rooms we got electric light at last—that's the present. And how I got it myself is like this: the wires have been all ready for some time waiting for the postman to inspect them. Can you beat it? If anything would typify these natives that's it—having a mailman inspect the lights! He allowed as how he was too busy to do it for two or three weeks, so I thought I'd end that and there's where some of this human nature stuff comes in. I thought he'd be tremendously flattered if an American officer came to see him and that he'd do anything for a ride in a car, so I borrowed the company's flivver and got him, brought him out and in ten minutes had the permit signed, stamped and at the electricians to turn on the juice—a whale of a lot better than two weeks of the Moses stuff, no? So that's my present and it's been a fine blue day and I'm well content. (I'd better be, for I'll be here at least another half year vet, we all believe. and most likely longer.)

This has been a long letter, but it has written itself—I've felt like it. I surely hope it is cool with you and that you all are well and happy. Write me often, send me books (especially the half dozen on money and banking I wrote for in my last letter) and the subscription to the "International Studio."

I love you all, my dear ones, and how I'd love to put my arms about you and hug you right now, each one of you. Well—some day. In the meantime, keep a high heart—as I do—and the return will be all the merrier. I am sure that before another year we'll all be safely together. Goodbye, dear family, with a birthday kiss to each of you, from

Your devoted

WALTER.

Dear Family:

Just a short note tonight, as I'm tired and anxious to hit my more or less downy cot.

The main thing of interest these days is the peace situation. What do you make of it? Is Germany sincere or is it the best bluff they have pulled vet? In case it is a bluff they are very clever, for the whole thing is so handled by them that it can't fail to make the common people think in Germany that they are sincere and that the Allies absolutely refuse to give them any decent peace. This will surely unify the country and will make them fight to the last trench! On the other hand their internal pressure, which must be something tremendous with Austria disintegrating before their eyes, Bulgaria out of it. Turkey cut off and crumbling day by day-as I say, this situation may be bad enough to make them agree to what is practically an unconditional surrender. That is really what the Allies seem to want, and rightly. The day can't be far away when they will have to do so anyway and they would be wise in the long run to save what they have left now by giving in to anything. The matter rests with the question as to just what is going on.

In the event of an armistice, this is my future as well as I can dope it out here. The whole military establishment of the Allies must be kept intact, of course, to be ready to hop aboard the Hun if the peace negotiations fail. That means that I am likely to be kept here during the period of the armistice, which they say can't well be less than six months and may very well run into a year. If peace is declared after that, as is sure to be the case, for we won't make an armistice until we are sure that the Hun can't again take up the sword, if peace is then declared, I'll be here probably for about six months

longer, for there is little chance of the Marines and especially in this place being moved early. So I am faced even in the case of an armistice and peace with from a year to a year and a half more away from you, dears.

That is one side. On the other hand I may be for tunate and the whole company may be transferred back to the States within a few months. You see, they have always had a scheme at headquarters of transferring aviators every six months, for it keeps them better satisfied, and that's an important thing when air work is taken into consideration, where the mental state of the man is so all-important. In the event of a transfer to the States, we'd be in a place where leave would be easy during an armistice and where we could get out of the Service quickly after peace. So it's all really a muddle and very clearly a matter of chance and luck. I'd really say that my chances of getting out of this place would be better in the event of war being continued than in the event of peace, but again, it's all chance and purely that. The prospect of months more in this hole leaves me flattened out like a steam roller had gone over me, for I never expect to be so weary, so utterly tired of a town again as I am of this nameless place to which your letters come. It's a dead, monotonous existence and no joy in it anywhere.

I'm absolutely nuts to get back to bonds again. It seems to me that there is no field in America better for making money than the one I was in and following that up and rebuilding Chicago on the scale we were starting as war was declared. You see that town of ours has outgrown itself in the matter of transportation and the people can't move any further out and still get to the city for work, so there isn't anything for them to do but

tear down the old three-story buildings and erect multiple story fireproof apartments, and what a grand and glorious cleanup there is in that stuff for me in the course of a few years. I'll be hanged for a fool if I can't make a fortune at it in ten years. Oh, I'm not dreaming in the least, and I am pretty sure Dad will agree with me. And how I do want to get back to it again and forget there ever was such a country as Germany which had to be licked.

This is a rotten letter, I'm afraid, but this is one of the nights when it is almost impossible for me to write. I just don't feel that way and as I've written you very frequently the last few weeks, I'm sure you'll appreciate that my heart is in the right place and that I'm making a real effort to get this far. So love all the while as I love you, dears. If you want to send me a Christmas present, I'd love to have some little thing, and use one of the blank requests which I sent to you some time ago. I'll send more of them in my next letter. I am sure it must seem funny to think of being away still another Christmas, but we will have all the happiness this year. Thank God and Foch the Hun hasn't much to celebrate about. It must hurt the average German to smile, and serves him right, too. God, how I hate them all. The Hun is by nature the poorest sportsman I ever heard of. I am in a place where I have a chance once in a while to get some real dope on him and he's a coward and a snake and a dirty vellow dog. No other race would carry on warfare as he does it, and this is the year he is going to start paying for his crimes, and oh, boy! how he'll pay before we are all through with him and home again!

That's my goodnight prayer, so here's to you and everybody and the dog and everything. I'm feeling fine

and sleeping plenty and getting older and younger all at the same time, but here is my love to you and a very good night indeed.

Affectionately,

WALTER.

## LETTER FROM LIEUT, TERRY

1st Marine Aero Co. U. S. Naval Base 13, Care New York Postmaster.

My Dear Mrs. Poague:

Letters of condolence are so inadequate, but a letter is the only means I have of communicating to you my deepest sympathies in this, your hour of trial. There are many who also grieve that the Lord called upon your dear son to lay down his life in the cause of humanity and for his country. I refer to the members of this company in which he was so well beloved by all. His constant display of unselfishness and thoughtfulness for others—his pity and deeds of kindness for all who were suffering in great or small degree—his cheerful and amiable disposition, and his trusting nature—all these noble qualities and many others won him the highest esteem and the greatest admiration of all with whom he came in contact.

Ever since I have been connected with this company Walter and I have been together a great deal. I grew to know him better than I did any other member of the company. It will therefore not be difficult for you to understand the terrific blow it was to me when the staggering news first reached my ears. For several days I was unable to convince myself that it was actually true and that he might not at any minute step into my room

and talk about the miniature boat he was building, or perhaps ask my advice on some point in his latest play. It seemed to take time merely to grasp the magnitude of the catastrophe that had befallen us, and that affected me so deeply. I doubt that I shall ever cease to mourn his death, unless it be when we shall meet again in that land where there is no death.

May God give you and yours strength wherewith to bear the sorrow that makes your hearts so heavy laden, and faith, which will enable you to smile through your tears, confronted by the Divine assurance that sometime you will again be with your dear son, and thereafter he shall not be taken from you.

My heart is with you.

Yours sincerely,

MATSON C. TERRY.

### LETTER FROM LIEUT. HARGER

United States Marines.
Saturday.

My Dear Mrs. Poague:

I greatly regret that it will be another few weeks before I can return to Chicago, which will enable me to call on you. I should so like to talk with you today, for I feel sure that when I could tell you of Walter's last months in the Azores would be of help to you, now, in this time of sorrow.

Walter and I were together constantly. The war was one of our favorite topics of discussion. Night after night we sat into the late hours talking it over. I could see in it nothing but millions of lives swept from the earth, lands devastated, and coming generations taxed to

the breaking point. But his was the bigger vision—because he had Faith. Always his answer came back that in a universe guided by a Supreme Head there *must* be a good, an all-sufficient reason for all this horror that to me was inexplicable. He knew it was all a mysterious part in the scheme of life. And that in good time it would show blessed fruit.

And it was on this great Faith of his that he built his military deeds. He knew he was right and that the war was right. His idealism was an inspiration for the entire company. It fired him in his work, it kept his spirits up, and it left him with a surplus to distribute. At one time Walter had the altitude record, the flight of longest duration and the greatest total of hours in the air. And with it all, he had time to be the greatest friend. He was just splendid.

I think we can find our greatest consolation in this wonderful Faith of his. He went that others might stay. His men respected and admired him. His friends loved him. No man can have higher tribute.

ROLLIN HARGER.

# LETTER FROM MAJOR BREWSTER

1st Marine Aeronautic Company, U. S. Naval Base, Azores.

January 15, 1919.

Mr. Charles M. Poague, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A. My Dear Mr. Poague:

I am sorry to have left unsaid the many details of Walter's life in the Azores since our arrival, but not being a parent I did not readily realize how you would treasure anything of the sort.

First of all, Walter had said a number of times, as we all have said, that should anything happen to him he did not want to be buried in the Azores. He loathed and despised the place and the people, so upon his death we decided to make every effort to send his body home. There was not a metallic casket to be had and there was no sheet lead in the town with which to make one, so we all "turned to" and made the best we could out of the copper with which we re-tip our broken propellers.

I personally went to Lieutenant-Commander H. Shaw, Medical Department, and asked him to look after the embalming of the body himself and he promised that he would. It is some consolation to know that it arrived in such good condition.

No services were held here at all. The night of Walter's death the British Consul, Mr. George Hayes, came to see me and offered to have the casket kept in the Chapel of the British Cemetery until it should be sent to the States. I accepted his most thoughtful offer and as soon as the embalming was completed I had the body taken to that place.

I shall now try and relate a little of Walter's life since I first knew him.

From the first he impressed me as being a boy with lots of stamina, grit and a desire to be always doing something, and during the period of loading the transport in Philadelphia previous to our departure, Walter put on overalls and went down into the hold of the ship and worked as hard as any enlisted man in the company. He impressed as being the most enthusiastic and progressive officer in the company and my predictions were certainly borne out after our arrival here. In fact right up until his death.

Our trip over here was uneventful and when we arrived there was the business of setting up the station and getting the machines in running shape. He and I worked side by side with hammers and nails and laid floors, made benches, helped to erect machines, etc.

I personally did not instruct Walter in flying until about the end of his instruction period, when I flew with him several times to clear up a few points on banks. turns, etc. I found him a very competent chap with the controls and only once did he come near smashing me up. We were returning to the harbor one evening, he having the controls, and at about a thousand feet he stopped his motor and nosed the machine over into a very steep glide to make his approach for a landing. Down, down we went, increasing speed every second until I thought there must be something the matter. I grabbed the controls and pulled the machine out and made the landing myself. It was of course at a very high speed after our fast descent. After we got on the water and were being towed in I asked him jokingly what in blazes he was trying to do and he said, "Oh, I didn't think what I was doing. I nosed her over for my glide and forgot to pull her out." After that we used to joke with him all the time and no matter what he started to do someone would generally say, "Don't forget to pull her out. Walter."

For about three months after our arrival there was no flying because of bad weather conditions and Walter started working on a vaudeville show which turned out to be a great success. No doubt you got one of the programs from him. He worked incessantly and deserved lots of credit for it.

Then when the good weather started and all the junior officers had learned to fly we started our patrols. Walter

always wanted to do something out of the ordinary. I mean by that that he wanted to fly to other islands and on numerous occasions would go out of sight of land and remain for over two hours, returning sometimes just at dark after preparations had been made to send a rescue party out for him. This, of course, caused me not a little uneasiness and it was necessary for me to caution him a good bit.

We became very fast friends and we spent much of our time in each other's rooms talking over the war and my impending wedding, which he referred to in his letter to you, and everything in which he was interested. He always used to say that he could not make up his mind whether to return to Chicago and go in the stock business or to New York and take up theatricals. He and Terry and I chummed together most of the time and shared our joys and sadnesses together, as it is only natural to form little clans after so long and intimate acquaintance.

Then came the influenza epidemic during which we lost three of our best men and one of the officers. Walter went with me to all the funerals and as I have told you before, spent lots of his time in the hospital with the men. He took them papers and books, read to them, took them things to eat, and had Terry show moving pictures for them while they were in bed.

Just as the epidemic stopped, a ship brought in several victims of a sub-chaser explosion—men terribly burned and with legs broken and blown off. Walter took as much interest in them as though they had been his brothers and showed them the same attentions as he had shown the Marines.

Of course all of this time we were all greatly disheartened and wanting to get into the war. We put in repeated requests to be sent to the battle front, but we

were simply the unfortunates who had to stay here and maintain this station.

Any more would simply be a repetition of what I have already told you in other letters.

Walter was positively loved by everyone here. The enlisted men thought the world of him, especially Gunnery Sergeant Walton B. Ziegler, with whom he always flew and with whom he crashed.

Personally I have had both relatives and very dear friends killed in the war, but none of them has caused me the deep sorrow that Walter's death has caused.

With kindest reards and the hope that I may sometime meet you and relate our experiences in person, I am,

Very respectfully,

## DAVID L. S. BREWSTER,

Major, U. S. Marines.

P. S.—I have just this minute received from Lisbon a certificate of merit and a medal from the Portuguese Red Cross for Walter in recognition of the work he did here in connection with the show, the proceeds of which went to the Portuguese Red Cross.

#### LETTER FROM SGT. ZIEGLER

Sunday, October 26, 1919.

My Dear Mr. Poague:

Since receiving your letter I feel as though I owe you an apology for not writing you sooner.

While in the service I could not write you, as they held an investigating Board just after Mr. Poague's death and on my oath I told just how the accident happened and was requested to say no more about it. I did not

write you, thinking that you had already heard all and would not wish to be reminded of it again. But if ever I come to Chicago I intend to stop over and explain to you just how his death occurred.

It is a hard matter to explain just how Walter was killed, especially if one is not acquainted with different parts of the machine. I will do my best in this letter and will be in Chicago a month or so from now and will explain anything you do not understand.

On Nov. 5th we started from the beach at 6:00 A. M. on what we called the sunrise scout patrol. The motor and plane seemed and tested all O. K. But the wind was against us, as there is only one way to take off in that harbor. We had what we call a down wind of about twenty-five miles per hour and the sea just outside the harbor was very rough. To get off in a down wind you must have flying speed of the machine plus the speed of the wind.

Walter was Officer of the Day and that night had received several submarine warnings and some of them were within our range, so that made the sunrise patrol all the more important.

When we left the beach we both expected to take off before we passed the sea buoy which is at the mouth of the harbor, but when we passed the buoy we were still planing. Mr. Poague was in the rear seat and had the controls and I in the front seat with the wireless.

After leaving the buoy I expected to feel it take off any moment, but the pontoons just seemed to be touching the top of the waves. We traveled for quite a distance when the plane rose several feet and then settled, and the pontoons struck the top of a wave and gave way. I saw one come through the right lower wing and I loosened my belt to jump, but we bounded and turned over

too fast to jump. We turned over twice and stopped with us hanging head down under water. I fought my way out between the tangled wires and wreckage and was about exhausted when I reached the surface, but was not hurt badly, teeth knocked loose and stiff neck.

I called for Mr. Poague, but received no answer, so I climbed around the wreckage and found him still hanging in his seat with the top engine panel—that is the top wing—just over the front seat against his chest and blocking all of the rear cock-pit except that occupied by Mr. Poague's body. I took his arm and tried to pull him out, but his safety belt was still fastened and the panel was tight against him. He appeared to be dead then, for he did not move all the while I worked to get him out.

I loosened his belt by kicking in the bottom of the fusilage, but I still could not pull him out, so I kicked every section of the panel that was floating it against the fusilage so I could push it away from the cock-pit. I did succeed in moving it some, but he wore a life preserver over a large leather coat which was caught inside the fusilage, and in going under the water so often to get it loose I became too exhausted to lift him on the wreckage after I did get him loose, so I hung to the wreckage with him until we were picked up by a native fishing boat, which was about one-half hour after the accident occurred, and about ten minutes later the Admiral's boat with the doctor reached us. They did everything they could to bring him back and after working three hours without getting any signs of life, the doctors pronounced him dead.

He was moved to the Navy Hospital and embalmed. He lay there in a tent, dressed in his best uniform, in a casket draped with the American flag and flowers that were sent by natives who were his friends, while the company built a box and lined it with copper so he could be shipped back to the States. It was just when the flu was at its height and lead caskets were impossible to get, so the Company decided to make the copper one so he could be kept until a ship returned to the States. His body was sealed up in the copper casket and moved to a Church and lay there for some time awaiting a ship; and when moved from the Church he was given a military funeral to the ship.

As Major Brewster has already told you of his death, I myself think Mr. Poague was killed without knowing what happened, and you can rest assured that his body from the day of his death to the ship was handled with the greatest of care and respect.

Mr. Poague was thought more of by the Company, I dare say, than any officer of the Company, not only because he was one of the best flyers, but for being so kindhearted to those who were down with the influenza. Every night just before his death he would go to the Hospital and take them books to read and those who were too sick to read he would sit for hours and read to.

One incident that occurred just before his death that gained him more respect from the Company was when five or six sailors were brought there for treatment after being blown up in the U. S. Submarine Chaser 219 while convoying a troop-ship across. They were burned beyond recognition; the Navy Hospital was filled with flu patients, so they were put in the native hospital which certainly does not believe in giving any more treatment than is necessary. Mr. Poague went there, carried them food

from our mess-hall every day, paid barbers to go there, and carried the picture machine and would run the machine while they lay in bed and watched a movie show.

He also started a Red Cross Society there among the natives, picked the talent from our Company and put on a show there that was great and gave the money to the Red Cross to start them. So you can imagine for yourself how much Mr. Poague was thought of by everyone in the Azores. And I don't think anyone missed him more than I did, as we had become good friends and had had several narrow escapes before which I guess his Diary will show. On Nov. 5th I can say I lost the best friend I had in the U. S. M. C. and many more from the same Company will say the same.

I took the propeller off the machine and brought it back as a souvenir, just as it had broken in the crash. I had started to cut it in half and make it like I had mine fixed up and send it to you, but there is a deep crack that goes through and I am afraid if sawed in two it would let the whole hub come apart. I am going home next week and will have a picture of it taken and will have a carpenter see if it can be sawed in half. If so, you can certainly have it.

I am at present working for the Navy on an experiment which will last about five weeks longer and then I think I shall give up aviation and try and be a citizen of the U. S. once again. Am flying most of the time on cross country flights and do not get here very often. If you care to answer, send it to my home address, which is

(Signed) W. B. ZIEGLER,

Penbrook, Pa.

### THE BROKEN WING

To the Memory of My Cousin
Lt. Walter Smith Poague, U. S. M. C.

Far from land beloved and kin—a birdman Spreads his wings to fly—
Nor minded anything save tryst alone with Duty done.

With soul and heart of him tuned high—a Swallow sang, "He's not a fraid to die." So smiling through the blue a gallant man Goes out to meet the Sun.

On foreign shore, at close of day, is heard a Thrush's roundelay,
"A soldier-sailor's gone away—
Away from sorrow, grief and pain—
Away to seek supremest gain."
The sea-gull screaming cries, "His work is done—
He's gone away—away to greet the Son."

LT. ALBERT T. ARMSTRONG,

A. E. F., France.









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to

Mg inc Corps Missum

JAN 26 1962

Voucher No.

